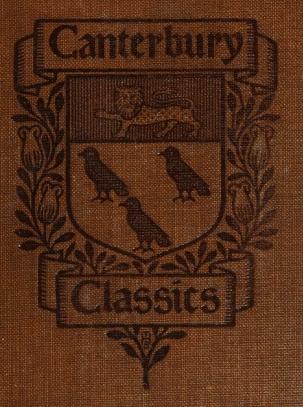
The Lady of the Lake By Sir Walter Scott, Bart



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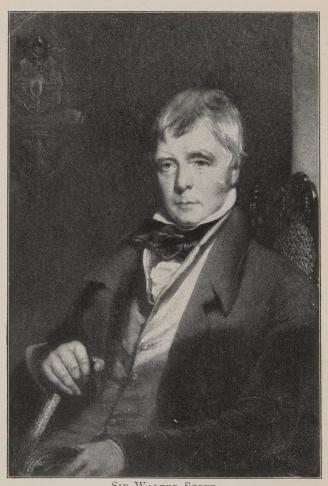
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The Canterbury Classics

A Series of Supplementary Readers edited under the general supervision of KATHARINE LEE BATES Professor of English Literature in Weltesley College, Weltesley, Mass.

The text of this edition of The Lady of the Lake agrees, except for a few unimportant changes, mainly those of punctuation, with the 1833 edition of Scott's works, the first complete collected edition published after Scott's death, 1832. Digitized by the Internet Archive in 2022 with funding from Kahle/Austin Foundation



SIR WALTER SCOTT
From the Painting by C. R. Leslie in the
Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, Mass.

The Lake

By

Sir Malter Scott, Bart, 1771-18

Edited by

FLORUS A. BARBOUR

Professor of English Michigan State Normal College, Ypsilanti

Illustrated



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Chicago

New York

London

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HE series of Canterbury Classics aims to bear its share in acquainting school children with literature suited to their years. The culture of the imagination is no less important than the culture of memory and the reasoning power. That childhood is poor which has not for friends many of the goodly company represented by Hector, Achilles, Roland, Sigurd, My Cid, Don Quixote, Lancelot, Robin Hood, Percy, the Douglas, Gulliver, Puck, Rip Van Winkle, and Alice in Wonderland. College class-rooms, where Dante and Spenser, Goethe and Coleridge are taught, speedily feel the difference between minds nourished, from babyhood up, on myths of Olympus and myths of Asgard, Hans Christian Andersen, old ballads, the "Pilgrim's Progress," the "Arabian Nights," the "Alhambra," and minds which are still strangers to fairyland and hero-land and all the dreamlands of the world's inheritance. Minds of this latter description come almost as barbarians to the study of poetry, deaf to its music and blind to its visions. They are in a foreign clime. In the larger college of life, no less, is felt the lack of an early initiation into literature. A practical people in a practical age, we need the grace of fable to balance our fact, the joy of poetry to leaven our prose. Something of the sort we are bound to have, and if familiarity in childhood with the classic tone has not armed us against the cheap, the flimsy, the corrupt in fiction, we fall easy victims to the trash of the hour. We become the sport of those mocking elves who give dry leaves for gold.

This series must needs conform somewhat, in its choice of books, to the present demands of the schools. It will furnish all good reading that is desired, but it aims also to help in arousing a desire for the more imaginative and inspiring legends

ANDERSON CO

of the Aryan race. In the case of every volume issued the text of the authoritative edition will be faithfully reproduced.

These texts will be furnished with a modest amount of apparatus hidden away at the end of the book. It is the classic that is of importance. Often it may be best to disregard the notes. The series is addressed to children and aims to stimulate imagination, broaden sympathy, and awaken a love for literature. The editors strive to keep these aims in view and to avoid breaking the charm of the story by irrelevant and burdensome information. What is told is meant to be what a child would naturally like to know about the book that pleases him and the writer of the book. The biographical sketches emphasize, whenever it is appropriate, the childhood of the authors treated, and try throughout to give, by concrete illustration, impressions of personality and character. Special subjects sometimes call for special sketches, but, in general, the editorial work aims at quality rather than quantity. Knowledge which seems essential to intelligent reading, and which dictionary and teacher cannot reasonably be counted on to supply. has its place in notes, yet it is not forgotten that the notes exist for the sake of the literature, not the literature for the sake of the notes. Parents and librarians will appreciate the reading lists of books attractive to children, either by the author of the classic in hand or along the same lines of interest. Certain teachers, crowded and wearied with a variety of tasks, will welcome the section of suggestions.

We have ventured to associate this series with the memory of the sweetest and most childlike spirit in English song, hoping that little pilgrims of to-day, journeying by April ways, may find as much cheer in gentle stories as did the poet of the Canterbury Tales.

KATHARINE LEE BATES.

Wellesley College.



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Alan of Oswestry emigrated from England to Scotland early in the Twelfth Century and at once became more Scotlish than the Scots. The family served Scotland, with great distinction for two hundred years, and took name from the office of High Steward of Scotland, made hereditary in it by Malcolm IV, until in 1371, when the seventh Lord Steward, whose mother was the daughter of King Robert I, "the Bruce," became Robert II, the first of the Stuart kings. Cardinal York, who died in 1807, was the last male in the direct line of the Royal Stuarts.

Each Scottish clan long ago adopted and wore one certain pattern only of tartan or plaid, which was called by the common clan name. It became a "clan uniform," born of family pride and powerful to intensify and prolong the pride that gave it birth.

The Stuart plaid is probably the most brilliant and striking of the clan patterns, as if intended to reflect the exceptional depth and intensity of the Scottish feeling of the family.

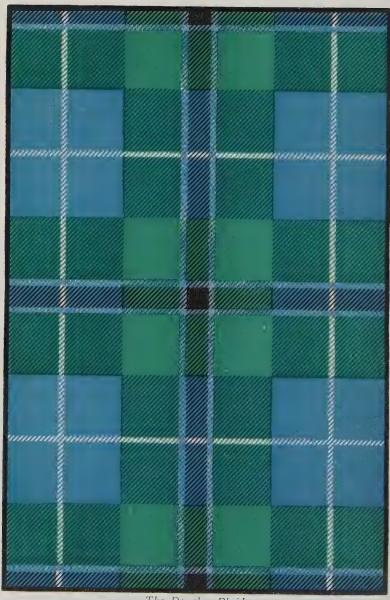


The Stuart Plaid

POR the world at large there is probably no Scottish family, barring the Stuart, more generally known than the Douglas. The family history reaches back to about the close of the twelfth century, and for two hundred years thereafter. Scottish history abounds in mention of the Douglascs. Near the end of the fourteenth century, the direct male line became extinct, and the succession had to go around through an aunt of the last Earl, who had not married with such a contingency in view.

There are still plenty of Douglases, but since the failure of the direct succession the name has not been as conspicuous in Scottish history as in the days when the family joined Wallace in his almost hopeless struggle, held high command under Bruce, and even disputed the crown with the first of the Stuart bings

The plaid is among the simpler patterns, made up of but three colors, none displaying any very showy quality.



The Douglas Plaid

THE MacAlpine clan has claimed to be the oldest in Scotland, descendants from the same people who furnished the kings of Scotland for a thousand years before the accession of the Stuarts nearly nine hundred years ago.

Its history is certainly involved in obscurity, and that usually means antiquity. As described by some it seems more than a clan, and rather a federation of half a dozen or more clans, headed, apparently, by the MacGregors. Some deny to the others of these clans any Alpine kinship. But it is certain that the MacAlpine is a very old clan, and that much of its history is deeply tragic.

The plaid is curiously characteristic. Its narrow bright lines emphasize it to the near observer, but must soon blend with the more sober colors with increasing distance.



The MacAlpine Plaid

HE first record of the clan Graham in Scotland was in 1143, not far from the time when the first ancestor of the Stuarts migrated from England. From that time the Grahams,—or Graemes,—have been men in conspicuous position and often men of distinction. Two of them, James "The Great Montrose," as he was called, and John Graham of Claverhouse, whom the Covenanters called "the bloody Claverse," were both men of supreme distinction in Scottish history.

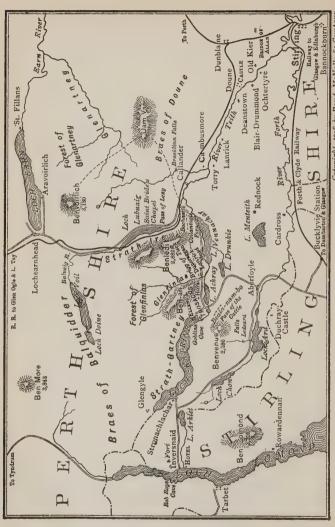
The family is remarkable not only for mental force but for extraordinary vitality of body. For more than eight hundred years the direct line of descent has never once failed.

The clan plaid is a very beautiful one, curiously adapted to escaping a distant eye by blending with the usual background among the Scottish Ells.



The Graham Plaid

The scene of The Lady of the Lake is laid chiefly in the Highlands of Perthshire in the vicinity of Loch Katrine. This locality is carefully and accurately delineated in the accompanying map. The time involved in the narration is six days, each of the six cantos of the poem recording the events of a single day. As the reading of the poem progresses, if the pupil is led constantly to refer to the map, he will receive and retain a much more vivid and lasting impression of Scott's work.



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A Highland Piper

THE LADY OF THE LAKE

CANTO FIRST

The Chase

HARP of the North! that mouldering long hast hung
On the witch-elm that shades Saint Fillan's spring,
And down the fitful breeze thy numbers flung,
Till envious ivy did around thee cling,
Muffling with verdant ringlet every string,—
O Minstrel Harp, still must thine accents sleep?
'Mid rustling leaves and fountains murmuring,
Still must thy sweeter sounds their silence keep,
Nor bid a warrior smile, nor teach a maid to weep?

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15

Not thus, in ancient days of Caledon,
Was thy voice mute amid the festal crowd,
When lay of hopeless love, or glory won,
Aroused the fearful, or subdued the proud.
At each according pause was heard aloud
Thine ardent symphony sublime and high!
Fair dames and crested chiefs attention bowed;
For still the burden of thy minstrelsy
Was Knighthood's dauntless deed, and Beauty's
matchless eye

O, wake once more! how rude soe'er the hand That ventures o'er thy magic maze to stray;

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O, wake once more! though scarce my skill command
Some feeble echoing of thine earlier lay:
Though harsh and faint, and soon to die away,
And all unworthy of thy nobler strain,
25 Yet if one heart throb higher at its sway,
The wizard note has not been touched in vain.

Then silent be no more! Enchantress, wake again!

Ι

The stag at eve had drunk his fill,
Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,
And deep his midnight lair had made
In lone Glenartney's hazel shade;
But when the sun his beacon red
Had kindled on Benvoirlich's head,
The deep-mouthed bloodhound's heavy bay
Resounded up the rocky way,
And faint, from farther distance borne,
Were heard the clanging hoof and horn.

H

As Chief, who hears his warder call,
"To arms! the foemen storm the wall,"
The antlered monarch of the waste
Sprung from his heathery couch in haste
But ere his fleet career he took,
The dewdrops from his flanks he shook;
Like crested leader proud and high
Tossed his beamed frontlet to the sky;
A moment gazed adown the dale,
A moment snuffed the tainted gale,

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A moment listened to the cry,
That thickened as the chase drew nigh;
Then, as the headmost foes appeared,
With one brave bound the copse he cleared,
And, stretching forward free and far,
Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var.

III

Yelled on the view the opening pack; Rock, glen, and cavern, paid them back; To many a mingled sound at once The awakened mountain gave response. A hundred dogs bayed deep and strong. Clattered a hundred steeds along. Their peal the merry horns rung out, A hundred voices joined the shout; With hark and whoop and wild halloo, No rest Benvoirlich's echoes knew. Far from the tumult fled the roe. Close in her covert cowered the doe, The falcon, from her cairn on high, Cast on the rout a wondering eye, Till far beyond her piercing ken The hurricane had swept the glen. Faint, and more faint, its failing din Returned from cavern, cliff, and linn, And silence settled, wide and still, On the lone wood and mighty hill

IV

Less loud the sounds of sylvan war Disturbed the heights of Uam-Var, And roused the cavern, where, 'tis told,

85

gn

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A giant made his den of old;
For ere that steep ascent was won,
High in his pathway hung the sun,
And many a gallant, stayed perforce,
Was fain to breathe his faltering horse,
And of the trackers of the deer
Scarce half the lessening pack was near;
So shrewdly on the mountain side
Had the bold burst their mettle tried.

v

The noble stag was pausing now Upon the mountain's southern brow, Where broad extended, far beneath. The varied realms of fair Menteith. With anxious eye he wandered o'er Mountain and meadow, moss and moor, And pondered refuge from his toil, By far Lochard or Aberfoyle. But nearer was the copsewood gray That waved and wept on Loch Achray, And mingled with the pine trees blue On the bold cliffs of Benvenue. Fresh vigor with the hope returned. With flying foot the heath he spurned, Held westward with unwearied race, And left behind the panting chase.

VI

'T were long to tell what steeds gave o'er, As swept the hunt through Cambusmore; What reins were tightened in despair, When rose Benledi's ridge in air;



The Brigg of Turk



Who flagged upon Bochastle's heath,
Who shunned to stem the flooded Teith,—
For twice that day, from shore to shore,
The gallant stag swam stoutly o'er.
Few were the stragglers, following far,
That reached the lake of Vennachar;
And when the Brigg of Turk was won,
The headmost horseman rode alone

VII

Alone, but with unbated zeal, That horseman plied the scourge and steel; 115 For jaded now, and spent with toil, Embossed with foam, and dark with soil, While every gasp with sobs he drew, The laboring stag strained full in view. Two dogs of black Saint Hubert's breed. 120 Unmatched for courage, breath, and speed. Fast on his flying traces came, And all but won that desperate game; For, scarce a spear's length from his haunch. Vindictive toiled the bloodhounds stanch: Nor nearer might the dogs attain. Nor farther might the quarry strain. Thus up the margin of the lake, Between the precipice and brake, O'er stock and rock their race they take. 130

VIII

The Hunter marked that mountain high, The lone lake's western boundary, And deemed the stag must turn to bay, Where that huge rampart barred the way;

160

Already glorying in the prize, 135 Measured his antlers with his eyes: For the death-wound and death-halloo Mustered his breath, his whinyard drew:-But thundering as he came prepared, With ready arm and weapon bared, 140 The wily quarry shunned the shock, And turned him from the opposing rock; Then, dashing down a darksome glen, Soon lost to hound and Hunter's ken. In the deep Trosachs' wildest nook 145 His solitary refuge took. There, while close couched, the thicket shed Cold dews and wild-flowers on his head. He heard the baffled dogs in vain Rave through the hollow pass amain, 150 Chiding the rocks that yelled again.

TX

Close on the hounds the hunter came,
To cheer them on the vanished game;
But, stumbling in the rugged dell,
The gallant horse exhausted fell.
The impatient rider strove in vain
To rouse him with the spur and rein,
For the good steed, his labors o'er,
Stretched his stiff limbs, to rise no more;
Then, touched with pity and remorse,
He sorrowed o'er the expiring horse.
"I little thought, when first thy rein
I slacked upon the banks of Seine,
That Highland eagle e'er should feed



Pass of the Trosachs and Benvenue

On thy fleet limbs, my matchless steed! Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day, That cost thy life, my gallant gray!"

X

Then through the dell his horn resounds. From vain pursuit to call the hounds. Back limped, with slow and crippled pace. 170 The sulky leaders of the chase; Close to their master's side they pressed. With drooping tail and humbled crest; But still the dingle's hollow throat Prolonged the swelling bugle-note. The owlets started from their dream, The eagles answered with their scream, Round and around the sounds were cast, Till echo seemed an answering blast; And on the Hunter hied his way, 180 To join some comrades of the day, Yet often paused, so strange the road, So wondrous were the scenes it showed.

ΧI

The western waves of ebbing day
Rolled o'er the glen their level way;
Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Was bathed in floods of living fire.
But not a setting beam could glow
Within the dark ravines below,
Where twined the path in shadow hid,
Round many a rocky pyramid,
Shooting abruptly from the dell
Its thunder-splintered pinnacle;

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Round many an insulated mass, The native bulwarks of the pass, Huge as the tower which builders vain Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain. The rocky summits, split and rent, Formed turret, dome, or battlement, Or seemed fantastically set With cupola or minaret, Wild crests as pagod ever decked, Or mosque of Eastern architect. Nor were these earth-born castles bare. Nor lacked they many a banner fair; For, from their shivered brows displayed, Far o'er the unfathomable glade, All twinkling with the dewdrop sheen, The brier-rose fell in streamers green, And creeping shrubs of thousand dyes Waved in the west-wind's summer sighs.

XII

Boon nature scattered, free and wild,
Each plant or flower, the mountain's child.
Here eglantine embalmed the air,
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there;
The primrose pale and violet flower
Found in each clift a narrow bower;
Foxglove and nightshade, side by side,
Emblems of punishment and pride,
Grouped their dark hues with every stain
The weather-beaten crags retain.
With boughs that quaked at every breath,
Gray birch and aspen wept beneath;

245

250

Aloft, the ash and warrior oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock;
And, higher yet, the pine tree hung
His shattered trunk, and frequent flung,
Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high
His boughs athwart the narrowed sky.
Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,
Where glistening streamers waved and danced,
The wanderer's eye could barely view
The summer heaven's delicious blue;
So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream.

XIII

Onward, amid the copse 'gan peep A narrow inlet, still and deep, Affording scarce such breadth of brim, As served the wild duck's brood to swim. Lost for a space, through thickets veering. But broader when again appearing, Tall rocks and tufted knolls their face Could on the dark-blue mirror trace: And farther as the Hunter straved. Still broader sweep its channels made. The shaggy mounds no longer stood, Emerging from entangled wood, But, wave-encircled, seemed to float, Like castle girdled with its moat; Yet broader floods extending still Divide them from their parent hill, Till each, retiring, claims to be An islet in an inland sea.

280

XIV

And now, to issue from the glen, No pathway meets the wanderer's ken. 255 Unless he climb with footing nice A far projecting precipice. The broom's tough roots his ladder made. The hazel saplings lent their aid: And thus an airy point he won. 260 Where, gleaming with the setting sun, One burnished sheet of living gold. Loch Katrine lay beneath him rolled. In all her length far winding lay, With promontory, creek, and bay, 265 And islands that, empurpled bright, Floated amid the livelier light, And mountains that like giants stand To sentinel enchanted land. High on the south, huge Benvenue 270 Down to the lake in masses threw Crags, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurled. The fragments of an earlier world: A wildering forest feathered o'er

xv

While on the north, through middle air, Ben-an heaved high his forehead bare.

His ruined sides and summit hoar,

From the steep promontory gazed
The Stranger, raptured and amazed,
And, "What a scene were here," he cried,
"For princely pomp, or churchman's pride!
On this bold brow, a lordly tower,

310

In that soft vale, a lady's bower; On vonder meadow far away, The turrets of a cloister gray: 285 How blithely might the bugle-horn Chide on the lake the lingering morn! How sweet at eve the lover's lute Chime when the groves were still and mute! And when the midnight moon should lave 290 Her forehead in the silver wave. How solemn on the ear would come The holy matins' distant hum, While the deep peal's commanding tone Should wake, in vonder islet lone, 295 A sainted hermit from his cell. To drop a bead with every knell! And bugle, lute, and bell, and all, Should each bewildered stranger call To friendly feast and lighted hall. 300

XVI

"Blithe were it then to wander here!
But now,—beshrew yon nimble deer,—
Like that same hermit's, thin and spare,
The copse must give my evening fare;
Some mossy bank my couch must be,
Some rustling oak my canopy.
Yet pass we that; the war and chase
Give little choice of resting-place;—
A summer night in greenwood spent
Were but to-morrow's merriment:
But hosts may in these wilds abound,
Such as are better missed than found:

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To meet with Highland plunderers here, Were worse than loss of steed or deer.—I am alone;—my bugle strain May call some straggler of the train; Or, fall the worst that may betide, Ere now this falchion has been tried.'

XVII

But scarce again his horn he wound, When lo! forth starting at the sound, From underneath an aged oak That slanted from the islet rock, A damsel guider of its way, A little skiff shot to the bay, That round the promontory steep Led its deep line in graceful sweep, Eddying, in almost viewless wave, The weeping willow twig to lave, And kiss, with whispering sound and slow, The beach of pebbles bright as snow. The boat had touched this silver strand Just as the Hunter left his stand. And stood concealed amid the brake, To view this Lady of the Lake. The maiden paused, as if again She thought to catch the distant strain. With head upraised, and look intent, And eye and ear attentive bent, And locks flung back, and lips apart, Like monument of Grecian art. In listening mood, she seemed to stand, The guardian Naiad of the strand.



The Silver Strand, Loch Katrine



370

XVIII

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace. Of finer form, or lovelier face! 345 What though the sun, with ardent frown, Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown,-The sportive toil, which, short and light, Had dyed her glowing hue so bright, Served too in hastier swell to show 350 Short glimpses of a breast of snow: What though no rule of courtly grace To measured mood had trained her pace,— A foot more light, a step more true, Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew; E'en the slight harebell raised its head, Elastic from her airy tread: What though upon her speech there hung The accents of the mountain tongue,— Those silver sounds, so soft, so dear, 360 The listener held his breath to hear!

XIX

A chieftain's daughter seemed the maid; Her satin snood, her silken plaid, Her golden brooch, such birth betrayed. And seldom was a snood amid Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid, Whose glossy black to shame might bring The plumage of the raven's wing; And seldom o'er a breast so fair Mantled a plaid with modest care, And never brooch the folds combined

385

Above a heart more good and kind. Her kindness and her worth to spy, You need but gaze on Ellen's eve; Not Katrine in her mirror blue Gives back the shaggy banks more true. Than every free-born glance confessed The guileless movements of her breast; Whether joy danced in her dark eve, Or woe or pity claimed a sigh, Or filial love was glowing there, Or meek devotion poured a prayer, Or tale of injury called forth The indignant spirit of the North. One only passion unrevealed With maiden pride the maid concealed, Yet not less purely felt the flame;-

XX

O need I tell that passion's name?

Impatient of the silent horn, Now on the gale her voice was borne:-390 "Father!" she cried; the rocks around Loved to prolong the gentle sound. A while she paused, no answer came:-"Malcolm, was thine the blast?" the name Less resolutely uttered fell, 395 The echoes could not catch the swell. "A stranger I," the Huntsman said, Advancing from the hazel shade. The maid, alarmed, with hasty oar Pushed her light shallop from the shore. 400 And when a space was gained between,

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Clover the drew her botom's acreen;
So forth the startled twan would twing.
So turn to prune his ruffled wing.
Then safe, though fluttered and amazed,
She pauced, and on the stranger gazed.
Not his the form nor his the eye.
That youthful maidens wont to fly.

XXI

On his bold visage middle age Had slightly pressed its signet cage. Yet had not quenched the open truth And hery vehemence of youth, Forward and irolic glee was there. The will to do, the soul to dare, The sparkling giance, soon blown to fire. Of hasty love or headlong ire. His limbs were cast in manly mould For hardy sports or contest bold: And though in peaceful garb arrayed, And weaponless except his blade, His stately mien as well implied A high-born heart, a martial pride. As if a baron's crest he wore. And sheathed in armor trode the shore Slighting the petty need he showed. He told of his benighted road. His ready speech flowed fair and free. In phrase of gentlest courtesy; Yet seemed that tone and gesture bland Less used to sue than to command.

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IIXX

A while the maid the stranger eyed, And, reassured, at length replied, That Highland halls were open still To wildered wanderers of the hill. "Nor think you unexpected come To you lone isle, our desert home: Before the heath had lost the dew, This morn, a couch was pulled for you; On yonder mountain's purple head Have ptarmigan and heath-cock bled, And our broad nets have swept the mere, To furnish forth your evening cheer."-"Now, by the rood, my lovely maid, Your courtesy has erred," he said; "No right have I to claim, misplaced, The welcome of expected guest. A wanderer, here by fortune tost, My way, my friends, my courser lost, I ne'er before, believe me, fair, Have ever drawn your mountain air, Till on this lake's romantic strand I found a fav in fairv land!"-

XXIII

"I well believe," the maid replied,
As her light skiff approached the side,—
"I well believe, that ne'er before
Your foot has trod Loch Katrine's shore;
But yet, as far as yesternight,
Old Allan-bane foretold your plight,—
A gray-haired sire, whose eye intent
Was on the visioned future bent.

He saw your steed, a dappled gray,
Lie dead beneath the birchen way;
Painted exact your form and mien,
Your hunting suit of Lincoln green,
That tasselled horn so gaily gilt,
That falchion's crooked blade and hilt,
That cap with heron plumage trim,
And yon two hounds so dark and grim.
He bade that all should ready be
To grace a guest of fair degree;
But light I held his prophecy,
And deemed it was my father's horn
Whose echoes o'er the lake were borne.''

XXIV

The stranger smiled:—"Since to your home A destined errant-knight I come, 475 Announced by prophet sooth and old, Doomed, doubtless, for achievement bold, I'll lightly front each high emprise For one kind glance of those bright eyes. Permit me first the task to guide 480 Your fairy frigate o'er the tide." The maid, with smile suppressed and sly, The toil unwonted saw him try For seldom, sure, if e'er before, His noble hand had grasped an oar: 485 Yet with main strength his strokes he drew. And o'er the lake the shallop flew; With heads erect and whimpering cry, The hounds behind their passage ply. Nor frequent does the bright oar break 490

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The darkening mirror of the lake, Until the rocky isle they reach, And moor their shallop on the beach.

XXV

The stranger viewed the shore around;
"T was all so close with copsewood bound
Nor track nor pathway might declare
That human foot frequented there,
Until the mountain-maiden showed
A clambering unsuspected road,
That winded through the tangled screen,
And opened on a narrow green,
Where weeping birch and willow round
With their long fibres swept the ground.
Here, for retreat in dangerous hour,
Some chief had framed a rustic bower.

XXVI

It was a lodge of ample size,
But strange of structure and device;
Of such materials, as around
The workman's hand had readiest found.
Lopped of their boughs, their hoar trunks bared,
And by the hatchet rudely squared,
To give the walls their destined height,
The sturdy oak and ash unite;
While moss and clay and leaves combined
To fence each crevice from the wind.
The lighter pine trees overhead
Their slender length for rafters spread,
And withered heath and rushes dry
Supplied a russet canopy.



Ellen's Isle



Due westward, fronting to the green, A rural portico was seen, Aloft on native pillars borne, Of mountain fir with bark unshorn, Where Ellen's hand had taught to twine The ivy and Idæan vine. 525 The clematis, the favored flower Which boasts the name of virgin-bower, And every hardy plant could bear Loch Katrine's keen and searching air. An instant in this porch she staid. 530 And gaily to the stranger said: "On heaven and on thy lady call, And enter the enchanted hall!"

XXVII

"My hope, my heaven, my trust must be, My gentle guide, in following thee!"— 535 He crossed the threshold,—and a clang Of angry steel that instant rang. To his bold brow his spirit rushed, But soon for vain alarm he blushed, When on the floor he saw displayed, 540 Cause of the din, a naked blade Dropped from the sheath, that careless flung Upon a stag's huge antlers swung; For all around, the walls to grace, Hung trophies of the fight or chase: 545 A target there, a bugle here, A battle-axe, a hunting-spear. And broadswords, bows, and arrows store, With the tusked trophies of the boar.



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Here grins the wolf as when he died,
And there the wild-cat's brindled hide
The frontlet of the elk adorns,
Or mantles o'er the bison's horns;
Pennons and flags defaced and stained,
That blackening streaks of blood retained,
And deer skins, dappled, dun and white,
With otter's fur and seal's unite,
In rude and uncouth tapestry all,
To garnish forth the sylvan hall.

XXVIII

The wondering stranger round him gazed, 560 And next the fallen weapon raised:-Few were the arms whose sinewy strength Sufficed to stretch it forth at length. And as the brand he poised and swayed, "I never knew but one," he said, 565 "Whose stalwart arm might brook to wield A blade like this in battle-field." She sighed, then smiled and took the word: "You see the guardian champion's sword; As light it trembles in his hand As in my grasp a hazel wand: My sire's tall form might grace the part Of Ferragus or Ascabart, But in the absent giant's hold Are women now, and menials old.' 575

XXIX

The mistress of the mansion came, Mature of age, a graceful dame, Whose easy step and stately port

Had well become a princely court, To whom, though more than kindred knew, Young Ellen gave a mother's due. Meet welcome to her guest she made, And every courteous rite was paid That hospitality could claim, Though all unasked his birth and name. 585 Such then the reverence to a guest, That fellest foe might join the feast, And from his deadliest foeman's door Unquestioned turn, the banquet o'er. At length his rank the stranger names, 590 "The Knight of Snowdoun, James Fitz-James; Lord of a barren heritage, Which his brave sires, from age to age, By their good swords had held with toil; His sire had fallen in such turmoil. 595 And he, God wot, was forced to stand Oft for his right with blade in hand. This morning with Lord Moray's train He chased a stalwart stag in vain, Outstripped his comrades, missed the deer, Lost his good steed, and wandered here."

XXX

Fain would the Knight in turn require The name and state of Ellen's sire. Well showed the elder lady's mien That courts and cities she had seen; Ellen, though more her looks displayed The simple grace of sylvan maid, In speech and gesture, form and face,

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Showed she was come of gentle race.
'T were strange in ruder rank to find
Such looks, such manners, and such mind.
Each hint the Knight of Snowdoun gave,
Dame Margaret heard with silence grave;
Or Ellen, innocently gay,

Or Ellen, innocently gay,
Turned all enquiry light away:—
"Weird women we! by dale and down
We dwell, afar from tower and town.
We stem the flood, we ride the blast,
On wandering knights our spells we cast;
While viewless minstrels touch the string,
'T is thus our charmed rhymes we sing.'
She sung, and still a harp unseen
Filled up the symphony between.

XXXI

"Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen the couch are streaming.

Hands unseen thy couch are strewing, Fairy strains of music fall,

Every sense in slumber dewing. Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er, Dream of fighting fields no more: Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking, Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

"No rude sound shall reach thine ear Armor's clang, or war-steed champing,

Trump nor pibroch summon here

Mustering clan or squadron tramping.

Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
At the daybreak from the fallow,

And the bittern sound his drum,
Booming from the sedgy shallow.

Ruder sounds shall none be near,
Guards nor warders challenge here,
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
Shouting clans or squadrons stamping."

XXXII

She paused,—then, blushing, led the lay,
To grace the stranger of the day.
Her mellow notes awhile prolong
The cadence of the flowing song,
Till to her lips in measured frame
The minstrel verse spontaneous came.

SONG CONTINUED

"Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done;
While our slumbrous spells assail ye,
Dream not, with the rising sun,
Bugles here shall sound reveillé.
Sleep! the deer is in his den;
Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying;
Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen
How thy gallant steed lay dying.
Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done;
Think not of the rising sun,
For at dawning to assail ye,
Here no bugles sound reveillé."

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IIIXXX

The hall was cleared,—the stranger's bed, Was there of mountain heather spread, Where oft a hundred guests had lain, And dreamed their forest sports again. But vainly did the heath-flower shed Its moorland fragrance round his head; Not Ellen's spell had lulled to rest The fever of his troubled breast. In broken dreams the image rose Of varied perils, pains, and woes: His steed now flounders in the brake. Now sinks his barge upon the lake; Now leader of a broken host, His standard falls, his honor's lost. Then,-from my couch may heavenly might Chase that worst phantom of the night!-Again returned the scenes of youth, Of confident undoubting truth; Again his soul he interchanged With friends whose hearts were long estranged. They come, in dim procession led, The cold, the faithless, and the dead; As warm each hand, each brow as gay, As if they parted yesterday. And doubt distracts him at the view,-O were his senses false or true? Dreamed he of death or broken vow,

XXXIV

Or is it all a vision now,

At length, with Ellen in a grove He seemed to walk and speak of love;

She listened with a blush and sigh, His suit was warm, his hopes were high. He sought her yielded hand to clasp, And a cold gauntlet met his grasp: The phantom's sex was changed and gone. 700 Upon its head a helmet shone; Slowly enlarged to giant size, With darkened cheek and threatening eyes, The grisly visage, stern and hoar, To Ellen still a likeness bore.— 705 He woke, and, panting with affright, Recalled the vision of the night. The hearth's decaying brands were red, And deep and dusky luster shed, Half showing, half concealing, all The uncouth trophies of the hall. Mid those the stranger fixed his eye Where that huge falchion hung on high, And thoughts on thoughts, a countless throng, Rushed, chasing countless thoughts along, Until, the giddy whirl to cure, He rose and sought the moonshine pure.

XXXV

The wildrose, eglantine, and broom
Wasted around their rich perfume;
The birch-trees wept in fragrant balm;
The aspens slept beneath the calm;
The silver light, with quivering glance,
Played on the water's still expanse,—
Wild were the heart whose passion's sway
Could rage beneath the sober ray!
He felt its calm, that warrior guest

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While thus he communed with his breast:-"Why is it, at each turn I trace Some memory of that exiled race? Can I not mountain-maiden spy, But she must bear the Douglas eye? Can I not view a Highland brand, But it must match the Douglas hand? Can I not frame a fevered dream. But still the Douglas is the theme? I'll dream no more,-by manly mind Not even in sleep is will resigned. My midnight orisons said o'er, I'll turn to rest, and dream no more." His midnight orisons he told, A prayer with every bead of gold, Consigned to heaven his cares and woes, And sunk in undisturbed repose,

Until the heath-cock shrilly crew,
And morning dawned on Benvenue.





Loch Katrine from above the Brer

CANTO SECOND

The Island

AT morn the black-cock trims his jetty wing, 'Tis morning prompts the linnet's blithest lay, All Nature's children feel the matin spring Of life reviving, with reviving day; And while you little bark glides down the bay, 750 Wafting the stranger on his way again, Morn's genial influence roused a minstrel gray, And sweetly o'er the lake was heard thy strain, Mixed with the sounding harp, O white-haired Allan-bane!

> TT SONG

"Not faster yonder rowers' might Flings from their oars the spray, Not faster yonder rippling bright. That tracks the shallop's course in light. Melts in the lake away, Than men from memory erase The benefits of former days; Then stranger, go! good speed the while, Nor think again of the lonely isle.

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"High place to thee in royal court, High place in battle line, Good hawk and hound for sylvan sport! Where beauty sees the brave resort. The honored meed be thine'

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True be thy sword, thy friend sincere, Thy lady constant, kind, and dear, And lost in love's and friendship's smile Be memory of the lonely isle.

III

SONG CONTINUED

"But if beneath yon southern sky
A plaided stranger roam,
Whose drooping crest and stifled sigh,
And sunken cheek and heavy eye,
Pine for his Highland home;
Then, warrior, then be thine to show
The care that soothes a wanderer's woe;
Remember then thy hap ere while,
A stranger in the lonely isle.

"Or if on life's uncertain main
Mishap shall mar thy sail;
If faithful, wise, and brave in vain,
Woe, want, and exile thou sustain
Beneath the fickle gale;
Waste not a sigh on fortune changed,
On thankless courts, or friends estranged,
But come where kindred worth shall smile,
To greet thee in the lonely isle."

IV

As died the sounds upon the tide, The shallop reached the mainland side, And ere his onward way he took, The stranger cast a lingering look, Where easily his eye might reach

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The Harper on the islet beach, Reclined against a blighted tree, As wasted, gray, and worn as he. To minstrel meditation given, His reverend brow was raised to heaven, As from the rising sun to claim A sparkle of inspiring flame. His hand, reclined upon the wire, Seemed watching the awakening fire; So still he sat as those who wait Till judgment speak the doom of fate: So still, as if no breeze might dare To lift one lock of hoary hair: So still, as life itself were fled In the last sound his harp had sped.

Upon a rock with lichens wild, Beside him Ellen sat and smiled — Smiled she to see the stately drake Lead forth his fleet upon the lake, While her vexed spaniel from the beach Bayed at the prize beyond his reach? Yet tell me, then, the maid who knows, Why deepened on her cheek the rose?-Forgive, forgive, Fidelity! Perchance the maiden smiled to see Yon parting lingerer wave adieu, And stop and turn to wave anew; And, lovely ladies, ere your ire Condemn the heroine of my lyre, Show me the fair would scorn to spy And prize such conquest of her eye!

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VI

While yet he loitered on the spot, It seemed as Ellen marked him not: But when he turned him to the glade, One courteous parting sign she made; And after, oft the knight would say, That not when prize of festal day Was dealt him by the brightest fair Who e'er wore jewel in her hair, So highly did his bosom swell As at that simple mute farewell. Now with a trusty mountain guide, And his dark stag-hounds by his side, He parts,—the maid, unconscious still. Watched him wind slowly round the hill; But when his stately form was hid, The guardian in her bosom chid-"Thy Malcolm! vain and selfish maid!" 'Twas thus upbraiding conscience said,-"Not so had Malcolm idly hung On the smooth phrase of Southern tongue; Not so had Malcolm strained his eye Another step than thine to spy."-"Wake, Allan-bane," aloud she cried, To the old minstrel by her side.-"Arouse thee from thy moody dream! I'll give thy harp heroic theme, And warm thee with a noble name; Pour forth the glory of the Græme!" Scarce from her lip the word had rushed, When deep the conscious maiden blushed; For of his clan, in hall and bower, Young Malcolm Græme was held the flower.

VII

The minstrel waked his harp,—three times Arose the well-known martial chimes, 860 And thrice their high heroic pride In melancholy murmurs died. "Vainly thou bidst, O noble maid." Clasping his withered hands, he said, "Vainly thou bidst me wake the strain, 865 Though all unwont to bid in vain. Alas! than mine a mightier hand Has tuned my harp, my strings has spanned! I touch the chords of joy, but low And mournful answer notes of woe; 870 And the proud march which victors tread Sinks in the wailing for the dead. O, well for me, if mine alone That dirge's deep prophetic tone! If, as my tuneful fathers said, 875 This harp, which erst Saint Modan swayed, Can thus its master's fate foretell, Then welcome be the minstrel's knell!

VIII

"But ah! dear lady, thus it sighed,
The eve thy sainted mother died;
And such the sounds which, while I strove
To wake a lay of war or love,
Came marring all the festal mirth,
Appalling me who gave them birth,
And, disobedient to my call,
Wailed loud through Bothwell's bannered hall,
Ere Douglases, to ruin driven,

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Were exiled from their native heaven.—
O! if yet worse mishap and woe
My master's house must undergo,
Or aught but weal to Ellen fair
Brood in these accents of despair,
No future bard, sad Harp! shall fling
Triumph or rapture from thy string;
One short, one final strain shall flow,
Fraught with unutterable woe,
Then shivered shall thy fragments lie,
Thy master cast him down and die!"

ΙX

Soothing she answered him: "Assuage, Mine honored friend, the fears of age; 000 All melodies to thee are known That harp has rung or pipe has blown. In Lowland vale or Highland glen, From Tweed to Spey—what marvel, then, At times unbidden notes should rise. 905 Confusedly bound in memory's ties. Entangling, as they rush along, The war-march with the funeral song?— Small ground is now for boding fear; Obscure, but safe, we rest us here. 910 My sire, in native virtue great. Resigning lordship, lands, and state, Not then to fortune more resigned Than yonder oak might give the wind; The graceful foliage storms may reave. 915 The noble stem they cannot grieve. For me"-she stooped, and, looking round, Plucked a blue harebell from the ground,—

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"For me, whose memory scarce conveys
An image of more splendid days,
This little flower that loves the lea
May well my simple emblem be;
It drinks heaven's dew as blithe as rose
That in the King's own garden grows;
And when I place it in my hair,
Allan, a bard is bound to swear
He ne'er saw coronet so fair."
Then playfully the chaplet wild
She wreathed in her dark locks, and smiled.

X

Her smile, her speech, with winning sway, Wiled the old Harper's mood away. With such a look as hermits throw, When angels stoop to soothe their woe, He gazed, till fond regret and pride Thrilled to a tear, then thus replied: "Loveliest and best! thou little know'st The rank, the honors, thou hast lost! O, might I live to see thee grace, In Scotland's court, thy birthright place, To see my favorite's step advance, The lightest in the courtly dance. The cause of every gallant's sigh, And leading star of every eye, And theme of every minstrel's art, The Lady of the Bleeding Heart!"

XI

"Fair dreams are these," the maiden cried,— Light was her accent, yet she sighed,—

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"Yet is this mossy rock to me
Worth splendid chair and canopy;
Nor would my footstep spring more gay
In courtly dance than blithe strathspey,
Nor half so pleased mine ear incline
To royal minstrel's lay as thine.
And then for suitors proud and high,
To bend before my conquering eye,—
Thou, flattering bard! thyself wilt say,
That grim Sir Roderick owns its sway.
The Saxon scourge, Clan-Alpine's pride,
The terror of Loch Lomond's side,
Would, at my suit, thou know'st, delay
A Lennox foray—for a day."—

XII

The ancient bard her glee repressed: "Ill hast thou chosen theme for jest! For who, through all this western wild, Named Black Sir Roderick e'er, and smiled? 965 In Holy-Rood a knight he slew: I saw, when back the dirk he drew. Courtiers give place before the stride Of the undaunted homicide: And since, though outlawed, hath his hand 970 Full sternly kept his mountain land. Who else dared give—ah! woe the day, That I such hated truth should say!-The Douglas, like a stricken deer. Disowned by every noble peer, 975 Even the rude refuge we have here? Alas, this wild marauding Chief

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Alone might hazard our relief, And now thy maiden charms expand, Looks for his guerdon in thy hand; 980 Full soon may dispensation sought, To back his suit, from Rome be brought. Then, though an exile on the hill, Thy father, as the Douglas, still Be held in reverence and fear: 985 And though to Roderick thou'rt so dear That thou mightst guide with silken thread Slave of thy will, this chieftain dread, Yet. O loved maid, thy mirth refrain! Thy hand is on a lion's mane."-990

XIII

"Minstrel," the maid replied, and high Her father's soul glanced from her eye, "My debts to Roderick's house I know: All that a mother could bestow To Lady Margaret's care I owe, Since first an orphan in the wild She sorrowed o'er her sister's child: To her brave chieftain son, from ire Of Scotland's king who shrouds my sire, A deeper, holier debt is owed; And, could I pay it with my blood, Allan! Sir Roderick should command My blood, my life,—but not my hand. Rather will Ellen Douglas dwell A votaress in Maronnan's cell: Rather through realms beyond the sea, Seeking the world's cold charity,

Where ne'er was spoke a Scottish word, And ne'er the name of Douglas heard,— An outcast pilgrim will she rove, Than wed the man she cannot love.

XIV

"Thou shak'st, good friend, thy tresses gray,-That pleading look, what can it say But what I own?—I grant him brave. But wild as Bracklinn's thundering wave; 1015 And generous,—save vindictive mood Or jealous transport chafe his blood: I grant him true to friendly band, As his claymore is to his hand: But O! that very blade of steel 1020 More mercy for a foe would feel: I grant him liberal, to fling Among his clan the wealth they bring. When back by lake and glen they wind, And in the Lowland leave behind, 1025 Where once some pleasant hamlet stood. A mass of ashes slaked with blood The hand that for my father fought, I honor, as his daughter ought; But can I clasp it reeking red 1030 From peasants slaughtered in their shed? No! wildly while his virtues gleam, They make his passions darker seem. And flash along his spirit high, Like lightning o'er the midnight sky. 1035 While yet a child,—and children know, Instinctive taught, the friend and foe,-



Upper Falls of Bracklinn



1045

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I shuddered at his brow of gloom,
His shadowy plaid and sable plume;
A maiden grown, I ill could bear
His haughty mien and lordly air:
But, if thou join'st a suitor's claim,
In serious mood, to Roderick's name,
I thrill with anguish! or, if e'er
A Douglas knew the word, with fear.
To change such odious theme were best,—
What think'st thou of our stranger guest?"—

XV

"What think I of him?-woe the while That brought such wanderer to our isle! Thy father's battle-brand, of yore For Tine-man forged by fairy lore, What time he leagued, no longer foes, His Border spears with Hotspur's bows. Did, self-unscabbarded, foreshow The footstep of a secret foe. If courtly spy hath harbored here, What may we for the Douglas fear? What for this island, deemed of old Clan-Alpine's last and surest hold? If neither spy nor foe, I pray What yet may jealous Roderick say?-Nay, wave not thy disdainful head! Bethink thee of the discord dread That kindled when at Beltane game Thou ledst the dance with Malcolm Græme: Still, though thy sire the peace renewed, Smoulders in Roderick's breast the feud: Beware!-But hark! what sounds are these?

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My dull ears catch no faltering breeze, No weeping birch, nor aspens wake, Nor breath is dimpling in the lake; Still is the canna's hoary beard, Yet, by my minstrel faith, I heard—And hark again! some pipe of war Sends the bold pibroch from afar."

XVI

Far up the lengthened lake were spied Four darkening specks upon the tide, That, slow enlarging on the view. Four manned and masted barges grew, And, bearing downwards from Glengyle, Steered full upon the lonely isle; The point of Brianchoil they passed, And, to the windward as they cast, Against the sun they gave to shine The bold Sir Roderick's bannered Pine. Nearer and nearer as they bear. Spears, pikes, and axes flash in air. Now might you see the tartans brave, And plaids and plumage dance and wave: Now see the bonnets sink and rise. As his tough oar the rower plies; See, flashing at each sturdy stroke, The wave ascending into smoke; See the proud pipers on the bow. And mark the gaudy streamers flow From their loud chanters down, and sweep The furrowed bosom of the deep. As, rushing through the lake amain, They plied the ancient Highland strain.

XVII

Ever, as on they bore, more loud 1100 And louder rung the pibroch proud. At first the sounds by distance tame, Mellowed along the waters came, And, lingering long by cape and bay, Wailed every harsher note away, 1105 Then bursting bolder on the ear, The clan's shrill Gathering they could hear, Those thrilling sounds that call the might Of old Clan-Alpine to the fight. Thick beat the rapid notes, as when 1110 The mustering hundreds shake the glen, And hurrying at the signal dread, The battered earth returns their tread. Then prelude light, of livelier tone, Expressed their merry marching on, 1115 Ere peal of closing battle rose, With mingled outcry, shrieks, and blows; And mimic din of stroke and ward. As broadsword upon target jarred; And groaning pause, ere yet again, 1120 Condensed, the battle yelled amain: The rapid charge, the rallying shout, Retreat borne headlong into rout, And bursts of triumph, to declare Clan-Alpine's conquest—all were there. 1125 Nor ended thus the strain, but slow Sunk in a moan prolonged and low, And changed the conquering clarion swell For wild lament o'er those that fell.

XVIII

The war-pipes ceased, but lake and hill 1130 Were busy with their echoes still: And, when they slept, a vocal strain Bade their hoarse chorus wake again, While loud a hundred clansmen raise Their voices in their Chieftain's praise. 1135 Each boatman, bending to his oar, With measured sweep the burden bore, In such wild cadence, as the breeze Makes through December's leafless trees. The chorus first could Allan know, 1140 "Roderick Vich Alpine, ho! iro!" And near, and nearer as they rowed, Distinct the martial ditty flowed.

XIX

BOAT SONG

Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances!

Honored and blessed be the ever-green Pine!

Long may the tree, in his banner that glances,
Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line!

Heaven send it happy dew,
Earth lend it sap anew,

Gayly to bourgeon, and broadly to grow,
While every Highland glen
Sends our shout back again,

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain, Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade;

"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

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When the whirlwind has stripped every leaf on the mountain,

The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade.

Moored in the rifted rock,

Proof to the tempest's shock,

Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow;

Menteith and Breadalbane, then,

Echo his praise again,

"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

XX

Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in Glen Fruin,

And Bannochar's groans to our slogan replied;

Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin,

And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead on her side.

Widow and Saxon maid

Long shall lament our raid,

Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with woe;

Lennox and Leven-glen

Shake when they hear again,

"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands! Stretch to your oars for the ever-green Pine!

O that the rosebud that graces you islands,

Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine!

O that some seedling gem,

Worthy such noble stem,

Honored and blessed in their shadow might grow! 1180

Loud should Clan-Alpine then

Ring from her deepmost glen,

"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

XXI

With all her joyful female band, Had Lady Margaret sought the strand. 1185 Loose on the breeze their tresses flew, And high their snowy arms they threw, As echoing back with shrill acclaim, And chorus wild, the Chieftain's name; While, prompt to please, with mother's art, 1190 The darling passion of his heart, The Dame called Ellen to the strand, To greet her kinsman ere he land: "Come, loiterer, come! a Douglas thou, And shun to wreathe a victor's brow?" 1195 Reluctantly and slow, the maid The unwelcome summoning obeyed, And, when a distant bugle rung, In the mid-path aside she sprung:— "List, Allan-bane! From mainland cast 1200 I hear my father's signal blast. Be ours," she cried, "the skiff to guide, And waft him from the mountain side." Then, like a sunbeam, swift and bright, She darted to her shallop light, 1205 And, eagerly while Roderick scanned, For her dear form, his mother's band, The islet far behind her lay, And she had landed in the bay.

XXII

Some feelings are to mortals given
With less of earth in them than heaven;
And if there be a human tear

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From passion's dross refined and clear,
A tear so limpid and so meek
It would not stain an angel's cheek,
'T is that which pious fathers shed
Upon a duteous daughter's head!
And as the Douglas to his breast
His darling Ellen closely pressed,
Such holy drops her tresses steeped,
Though 't was an hero's eye that weeped.
Nor while on Ellen's faltering tongue
Her filial welcomes crowded hung,
Marked she, that fear—affection's proof—
Still held a graceful youth aloof;
No! not till Douglas named his name,
Although the youth was Malcolm Græme.

XXIII

Allan, with wistful look the while,
Marked Roderick landing on the isle;
His master piteously he eyed,
Then gazed upon the Chieftain's pride,
Then dashed with hasty hand away
From his dimmed eye the gathering spray;
And Douglas, as his hand he laid
On Malcolm's shoulder, kindly said:
"Canst thou, young friend, no meaning spy
In my poor follower's glistening eye?
I'll tell thee:—he recalls the day
When in my praise he led the lay
O'er the arched gate of Bothwell proud,
While many a minstrel answered loud.
When Percy's Norman pennon, won

1250

1255

In bloody field, before me shone, And twice ten knights, the least a name As mighty as yon Chief may claim, Gracing my pomp, behind me came. Yet trust me, Malcolm, not so proud Was I of all that marshalled crowd. Though the waned crescent owned my might, And in my train trooped lord and knight. Though Blantyre hymned her holiest lavs. And Bothwell's bards flung back my praise, As when this old man's silent tear. And this poor maid's affection dear. A welcome give more kind and true Than aught my better fortunes knew. Forgive, my friend, a father's boast-O, it out-beggars all I lost!"

XXIV

Delightful praise!—like summer rose, That brighter in the dew drop glows. 1260 The bashful maiden's cheek appeared, For Douglas spoke, and Malcolm heard. The flush of shame-faced joy to hide, The hounds, the hawk, her cares divide: The loved caresses of the maid 1265 The dogs with crouch and whimper paid; And, at her whistle, on her hand The falcon took his favorite stand. Closed his dark wing, relaxed his eye, Nor, though unhooded, sought to fly. 1270 And, trust, while in such guise she stood. Like fabled Goddess of the wood,

That if a father's partial thought
O'erweighed her worth and beauty aught,
Well might the lover's judgment fail
To balance with a juster scale;
For with each secret glance he stole,
The fond enthusiast sent his soul.

XXV

Of stature fair, and slender frame, But firmly knit, was Malcolm Græme. 1280 The belted plaid and tartan hose Did ne'er more graceful limbs disclose; His flaxen hair, of sunny hue, Curled closely round his bonnet blue. Trained to the chase, his eagle eye 1285 The ptarmigan in snow could spy; Each pass, by mountain, lake, and heath, He knew, through Lennox and Menteith; Vain was the bound of dark-brown doe, When Malcolm bent his sounding bow, 1290 And scarce that doe, though winged with fear, Outstripped in speed the mountaineer: Right up Ben Lomond could he press, And not a sob his toil confess. His form accorded with a mind 1295 Lively and ardent, frank and kind; A blither heart, till Ellen came, Did never love nor sorrow tame: It danced as lightsome in his breast As played the feather on his crest. 1300 Yet friends, who nearest knew the youth, His scorn of wrong, his zeal for truth,

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And bards, who saw his features bold When kindled by the tales of old, Said, were that youth to manhood grown, Not long should Rhoderick Dhu's renown Be foremost voiced by mountain fame, But quail to that of Malcolm Græme.

XXVI

Now back they wend their watery way, And, "O my sire!" did Ellen say, "Why urge thy chase so far astray? And why so late returned? And why"-The rest was in her speaking eye. "My child, the chase I follow far, 'Tis mimicry of noble war; And with that gallant pastime reft Were all of Douglas I have left. I met young Malcolm as I straved Far eastward, in Glenfinlas' shade: Nor strayed I safe, for all around Hunters and horsemen scoured the ground. This youth, though still a royal ward, Risked life and land to be my guard, And through the passes of the wood Guided my steps, not unpursued: And Roderick shall his welcome make. Despite old spleen, for Douglas' sake. Then must he seek Strath-Endrick glen, Nor peril aught for me again."

XXVII

Sir Roderick, who to meet them came, Reddened at sight of Malcolm Græme,

Cottage of Glenfinlas



1355

1360

Yet, not in action, word, or eve. Failed aught in hospitality. In talk and sport they whiled away The morning of that summer day; 1335 But at high noon a courier light Held secret parley with the knight, Whose moody aspect soon declared That evil were the news he heard. Deep thought seemed toiling in his head; 1340 Yet was the evening banquet made Ere he assembled round the flame His mother, Douglas, and the Græme. And Ellen, too; then cast around His eyes, then fixed them on the ground, 1345 As studying phrase that might avail Best to convey unpleasant tale. Long with his dagger's hilt he played, Then raised his haughty brow, and said:-

XXVIII

"Short be my speech:—nor time affords, Nor my plain temper, glozing words. Kinsman and father,—if such name Douglas vouchsafe to Roderick's claim; Mine honored mother;—Ellen—why, My cousin, turn away thine eye?—And Græme, in whom I hope to know Full soon a noble friend or foe, When age shall give thee thy command, And leading in thy native land,—List all!—The King's vindictive pride Boasts to have tamed the Border-side,

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[CANTO II] Where chiefs, with hound and hawk who came To share their monarch's sylvan game,

Themselves in bloody toils were snared, And when the banquet they prepared, And wide their loval portals flung. O'er their own gateway struggling hung. Loud cries their blood from Meggatt's mead. From Yarrow braes and banks of Tweed. Where the lone streams of Ettrick glide. And from the silver Teviot's side; The dales, where martial clans did ride. Are now one sheep-walk, waste and wide. This tyrant of the Scottish throne.

So faithless and so ruthless known. Now hither comes; his end the same, The same pretext of sylvan game. What grace for Highland Chiefs, judge ve By fate of Border chivalry.

Yet more; amid Glenfinlas' green, Douglas, thy stately form was seen. This by espial sure I know; Your counsel in the streight I show."

XXIX

Ellen and Margaret fearfully Sought comfort in each other's eye. Then turned their ghastly look, each one. This to her sire, that to her son. The hasty color went and came In the bold cheek of Malcolm Græme, But from his glance it well appeared 'T was but for Ellen that he feared:

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While, sorrowful, but undismayed, The Douglas thus his counsel said: "Brave Roderick, though the tempest roar, It may but thunder and pass o'er: 1395 Nor will I here remain an hour, To draw the lightning on thy bower: For well thou know'st, at this gray head, The royal bolt were fiercest sped. For thee, who, at thy King's command, 1400 Canst aid him with a gallant band, Submission, homage, humbled pride, Shall turn the Monarch's wrath aside. Poor remnants of the Bleeding Heart, Ellen and I will seek apart 1405 The refuge of some forest cell, There, like the hunted quarry, dwell, Till on the mountain and the moor The stern pursuit be passed and o'er."

XXX

"No, by mine honor," Roderick said,
"So help me Heaven, and my good blade!
No, never! Blasted be yon Pine,
My father's ancient crest and mine,
If from its shade in danger part
The lineage of the Bleeding Heart!
Hear my blunt speech: grant me this maid
To wife, thy counsel to mine aid;
To Douglas, leagued with Roderick Dhu,
Will friends and allies flock enow;
Like cause of doubt, distrust, and grief,
Will bind us to each Western Chief.

1430

1435

When the loud pipes my bridal tell. The Links of Forth shall hear the knell. The guards shall start in Stirling's porch; And when I light the nuptial torch, A thousand villages in flames Shall scare the slumbers of King James!— Nay, Ellen, blench not thus away, And, mother, cease these signs, I pray; I meant not all my heat might say.— Small need of inroad or of fight. When the sage Douglas may unite Each mountain clan in friendly band, To guard the passes of their land, Till the foiled King from pathless glen, Shall bootless turn him home again."

XXXI

There are who have, at midnight hour, In slumber scaled a dizzy tower, And, on the verge that beetled o'er The ocean tide's incessant roar. 1440 Dreamed calmly out their dangerous dream. Till wakened by the morning beam; When, dazzled by the eastern glow, Such startler cast his glance below, And saw unmeasured depth around, 1445 And heard unintermitted sound, And thought the battled fence so frail. It waved like cobweb in the gale:-Amid his senses' giddy wheel, Did he not desperate impulse feel, 1450 Headlong to plunge himself below,

And meet the worst his fears foreshow?—
Thus, Ellen, dizzy and astound,
As sudden ruin yawned around,
By crossing terrors wildly tossed,
Still for the Douglas fearing most,
Could scarce the desperate thought withstand,
To buy his safety with her hand.

XXXII

Such purpose dread could Malcom spy In Ellen's quivering lip and eye, 1460 And eager rose to speak,—but ere His tongue could hurry forth his fear, Had Douglas marked the hectic strife. Where death seemed combating with life; For to her cheek, in feverish flood, 1465 One instant rushed the throbbing blood, Then ebbing back, with sudden sway, Left its domain as wan as clay. "Roderick, enough! enough!" he cried, "My daughter cannot be thy bride; 1470 Not that the blush to wooer dear, Nor paleness that of maiden fear. It may not be,—forgive her, Chief, Nor hazard aught for our relief. Against his sovereign, Douglas ne'er 1475 Will level a rebellious spear. 'T was I that taught his youthful hand To rein a steed and wield a brand; I see him yet, the princely boy! Not Ellen more my pride and joy; 1480 I love him still, despite my wrongs

By hasty wrath and slanderous tongues. O, seek the grace you well may find, Without a cause to mine combined!"

XXXIII

Twice through the hall the Chieftain strode; 1485 The waving of his tartans broad, And darkened brow, where wounded pride With ire and disappointment vied, Seemed, by the torch's gloomy light, Like the ill Demon of the night, 1490 Stooping his pinions' shadowy sway Upon the nighted pilgrim's way: But, unrequited Love! thy dart Plunged deepest its envenomed smart, And Roderick, with thine anguish stung. 1495 At length the hand of Douglas wrung, While eyes that mocked at tears before. With bitter drops were running o'er. The death-pangs of long-cherished hope Scarce in that ample breast had scope. 1500 But, struggling with his spirit proud, Convulsive heaved its checkered shroud. While every sob—so mute were all— Was heard distinctly through the hall. The son's despair, the mother's look, 1505 Ill might the gentle Ellen brook; She rose, and to her side there came, To aid her parting steps, the Græme.

XXXIV

Then Roderick from the Douglas broke—As flashes flame through sable smoke,

Kindling its wreaths, long, dark, and low, To one broad blaze of ruddy glow, So the deep anguish of despair Burst, in fierce jealousy, to air. With stalwart grasp his hand he laid 1515 On Malcolm's breast and belted plaid: "Back, beardless boy!" he sternly said, "Back, minion! holdst thou thus at naught The lesson I so lately taught? This roof, the Douglas, and that maid, 1520 Thank thou for punishment delayed." Eager as greyhound on his game, Fiercely with Roderick grappled Græme. "Perish my name, if aught afford Its Chieftain safety save his sword!" 1525 Thus as they strove their desperate hand Griped to the dagger or the brand. And death had been—but Douglas rose, And thrust between the struggling foes His giant strength:—"Chieftains, forego! 1530 I hold the first who strikes my foe.— Madmen, forbear your frantic jar! What! is the Douglas fallen so far, His daughter's hand is deemed the spoil Of such dishonorable broil?" Sullen and slowly they unclasp, As struck with shame, their desperate grasp, And each upon his rival glared, With foot advanced, and blade half bared.

[CANTO II]

XXXV

Ere yet the brands aloft were flung, 1540 Margaret on Roderick's mantle hung, And Malcolm heard his Ellen's scream, As faltered through terrific dream. Then Roderick plunged in sheath his sword, And veiled his wrath in scornful word: 1545 "Rest safe till morning; pity 'twere Such cheek should feel the midnight air! Then mayst thou to James Stuart tell, Roderick will keep the lake and fell, Nor lackey with his freeborn clan, 1550 The pageant pomp of earthly man. More would he of Clan-Alpine know, Thou canst our strength and passes show.— Malise, what ho!"—his henchman came: "Give our safe-conduct to the Græme." 1555 Young Malcolm answered, calm and bold: "Fear nothing for thy favorite hold; The spot an angel deigned to grace Is blessed, though robbers haunt the place. Thy churlish courtesy for those 1560 Reserve, who fear to be thy foes. As safe to me the mountain way At midnight as in blaze of day, Though with his boldest at his back Even Roderick Dhu beset the track.— 1585 Brave Douglas, -lovely Ellen, -nay, Naught here of parting will I say. Earth does not hold a lonesome glen So secret, but we meet again.-Chieftain! we too shall find an hour,"-1570

He said, and left the sylvan bower.

XXXVI

Old Allan followed to the strand— Such was the Douglas's command— And anxious told, how, on the morn, The stern Sir Roderick deep had sworn. 1575 The Fiery Cross should circle o'er Dale, glen, and valley, down and moor. Much were the peril to the Græme From those who to the signal came; Far up the lake 't were safest land, 1580 Himself would row him to the strand. He gave his counsel to the wind. While Malcolm did, unheeding, bind, Round dirk and pouch and broadsword rolled, His ample plaid in tightened fold, 1585 And stripped his limbs to such array As best might suit the watery way,-

XXXVII

Then spoke abrupt: "Farewell to thee. Pattern of old fidelity!" The Minstrel's hand he kindly pressed,— 1590 "O, could I point a place of rest! My sovereign holds in ward my land, My uncle leads my vassal band; To tame his foes, his friends to aid, Poor Malcolm has but heart and blade. 1595 Yet, if there be one faithful Græme Who loves the chieftain of his name, Not long shall honored Douglas dwell, Like hunted stag in mountain cell; Nor, ere yon pride-swollen robber dare.-1600

I may not give the rest to air! Tell Roderick Dhu I owed him naught, Not the poor service of a boat, To waft me to you mountain-side." Then plunged he in the flashing tide. 1605 Bold o'er the flood his head he bore, And stoutly steered him from the shore; And Allan strained his anxious eye, Far mid the lake his form to spy, Darkening across each puny wave, 1610 To which the moon her silver gave. Fast as the cormorant could skim, The swimmer plied each active limb; Then landing in the moonlight dell, Loud shouted of his weal to tell. 1615 The Minstrel heard the far halloo. And joyful from the shore withdrew.





CANTO THIRD

The Gathering

I

Time rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore,
Who danced our infancy upon their knee,
And told our marvelling boyhood legends store
Of their strange ventures happed by land or sea,
How are they blotted from the things that be!
How few, all weak and withered of their force,
Wait on the verge of dark eternity,
Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning hoarse,
To sweep them from our sight! Time rolls his
ceaseless course.

Yet live there still who can remember well,
How, when a mountain chief his bugle blew,
Both field and forest, dingle, cliff, and dell,
And solitary heath, the signal knew;
And fast the faithful clan around him drew,

What time the warning note was keenly wound, What time aloft their kindred banner flew,

While clamorous war-pipes yelled the gathering sound,

And while the Fiery Cross glanced, like a meteor, round. 1835

1630

TT

The Summer dawn's reflected hue
To purple changed Loch Katrine blue;
Mildly and soft the western breeze
Just kissed the lake, just stirred the trees,

[67]

1665

And the pleased lake, like maiden coy, 1640 Trembled but dimpled not for joy: The mountain-shadows on her breast Were neither broken nor at rest: In bright uncertainty they lie, Like future joys to Fancy's eye. 1645 The water lily to the light Her chalice reared of silver bright; The doe awoke, and to the lawn, Begemmed with dewdrops, led her fawn; The gray mist left the mountain-side, 1650 The torrent showed its glistening pride; Invisible in flecked sky The lark sent down her revelry; The blackbird and the speckled thrush Good-morrow gave from brake and bush; 1655 In answer cooed the cushat dove Her notes of peace and rest and love.

III

No thought of peace, no thought of rest,
Assuaged the storm in Roderick's breast.
With sheathed broadsword in his hand,
Abrupt he paced the islet strand,
And eyed the rising sun, and laid
His hand on his impatient blade.
Beneath a rock, his vassals' care
Was prompt the ritual to prepare,
With deep and deathful meaning fraught;
For such Antiquity had taught
Was preface meet, ere yet abroad
The Cross of Fire should take its road.

1675

1680

1885

1690

1695

The shrinking band stood oft aghast
At the impatient glance he cast;—
Such glance the mountain eagle threw,
As, from the cliffs of Benvenue,
She spread her dark sails on the wind,
And, high in middle heaven reclined,
With her broad shadow on the lake,
Silenced the warblers of the brake.

IV

A heap of withered boughs was piled, Of juniper and rowan wild, Mingled with shivers from the oak, Rent by the lightning's recent stroke. Brian the Hermit by it stood. Barefooted, in his frock and hood. His grizzled beard and matted hair Obscured a visage of despair; His naked arms and legs, seamed o'er, The scars of frantic penance bore. That monk, of savage form and face, The impending danger of his race Had drawn from deepest solitude, Far in Benharrow's bosom rude. Not his the mien of Christian priest. But Druid's, from the grave released, Whose hardened heart and eye might brook On human sacrifice to look; And much. 'twas said, of heathen lore Mixed in the charms he muttered o'er. The hallowed creed gave only worse And deadlier emphasis of curse.

[CANTO III]

1700

1705

No peasant sought that Hermit's prayer, His cave the pilgrim shunned with care; The eager huntsman knew his bound, And in mid chase called off his hound; Or if, in lonely glen or strath, The desert-dweller met his path, He prayed, and signed the cross between, While terror took devotion's mien.

V

Of Brian's birth strange tales were told. His mother watched a midnight fold, Built deep within a dreary glen, Where scattered lay the bones of men In some forgotten battle slain. And bleached by drifting wind and rain. It might have tamed a warrior's heart To view such mockery of his art! The knot-grass fettered there the hand Which once could burst an iron band; Beneath the broad and ample bone, That bucklered heart to fear unknown, A feeble and a timorous guest, The field-fare framed her lowly nest; There the slow blind-worm left his slime On the fleet limbs that mocked at time; And there, too, lay the leader's skull, Still wreathed with chaplet, flushed and full, For heath-bell with her purple bloom Supplied the bonnet and the plume. All night, in this sad glen, the maid

Sat, shrouded in her mantle's shade:

1710

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1720

1725

She said no shepherd sought her side, No hunter's hand her snood untied, Yet ne'er again to braid her hair The virgin snood did Alice wear; Gone was her maiden glee and sport, Her maiden girdle all too short, Nor sought she, from that fatal night, Or holy church or blessed rite, But locked her secret in her breast, And died in travail, unconfessed.

VI

Alone, among his young compeers, Was Brian from his infant years; A moody and heart-broken boy, Estranged from sympathy and joy, Bearing each taunt which careless tongue On his mysterious lineage flung. Whole nights he spent by moonlight pale. To wood and stream his hap to wail, Till, frantic he as truth received What of his birth the crowd believed, And sought, in mist and meteor fire, To meet and know his Phantom Sire! In vain, to soothe his wayward fate, The cloister oped her pitying gate; In vain the learning of the age Unclasped the sable-lettered page; Even in its treasures he could find Food for the fever of his mind. Eager he read whatever tells Of magic, cabala, and spells,

1730

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1785

And every dark pursuit allied
To curious and presumptuous pride;
Till with fired brain and nerves o'erstrung,
And heart with mystic horrors wrung,
Desperate he sought Benharrow's den,
And hid him from the haunts of men.

VII

The desert gave him visions wild, Such as might suit the spectre's child. Where with black cliffs the torrents toil. He watched the wheeling eddies boil, Till, from their foam his dazzled eves Beheld the River Demon rise: The mountain mist took form and limb Of noontide hag or goblin grim; The midnight wind came wild and dread, Swelled with the voices of the dead: Far on the future battle-heath His eye beheld the ranks of death: Thus the lone Seer, from mankind hurled. Shaped forth a disembodied world. One lingering sympathy of mind Still bound him to the mortal kind; The only parent he could claim Of ancient Alpine's lineage came. Late had he heard, in prophet's dream, The fatal Ben-Shie's boding scream; Sounds, too, had come in midnight blast Of charging steeds, careering fast Along Benharrow's shingly side. Where mortal horseman ne'er might ride:

The thunderbolt had split the pine,—All augured ill to Alpine's line.
He girt his loins, and came to show
The signals of impending woe,
And now stood prompt to bless or ban,
As bade the Chieftain of his clan.

1795

VIII

'Twas all prepared; -and from the rock A goat, the patriarch of the flock, Before the kindling pile was laid, And pierced by Roderick's ready blade. Patient the sickening victim eyed The life-blood ebb in crimson tide Down his clogged beard and shaggy limb, Till darkness glazed his eyeballs dim. The grisly priest, with murmuring prayer, A slender crosslet formed with care, A cubit's length in measure due; The shaft and limbs were rods of yew, Whose parents in Inch-Cailliach wave Their shadows o'er Clan-Alpine's grave, And answering Lomond's breezes deep, Soothe many a chieftain's endless sleep. The Cross thus formed he held on high, With wasted hand, and haggard eye, And strange and mingled feelings woke, While his anathema he spoke:-

1800

1805

1810

1815

IX

"Woe to the clansman, who shall view This symbol of sepulchral yew, Forgetful that its branches grew

1825

1830

1835

1840

1845

Where weep the heavens their holiest dew
On Alpine's dwelling low!
Deserter of his Chieftain's trust,
He ne'er shall mingle with their dust,
But, from his sires and kindred thrust,
Each clansman's executation just

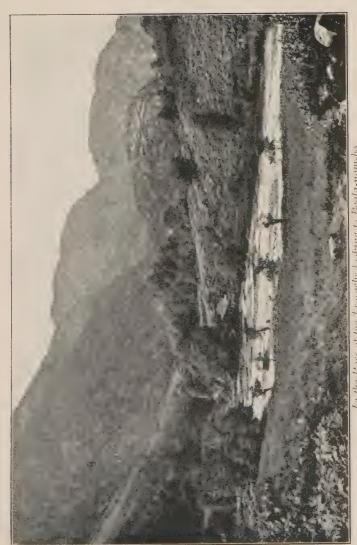
Shall doom him wrath and woe."
He paused;—the word the vassals took,
With forward step and fiery look,
On high thei. naked brands they shook,
Their clattering targets wildly strook;

And first in murmur low, Then, like the billow in his course, That far to seaward finds his source, And flings to shore his mustered force, Burst with loud roar their answer hoarse,

"Woe to the traitor, woe!"
Ben-an's gray scalp the accents knew,
The joyous wolf from covert drew,
The exulting eagle screamed afar,—
They knew the voice of Alpine's war.

X

The shout was hushed on lake and fell, The monk resumed his muttered spell: Dismal and low its accents came, The while he scathed the Cross with flame; And the few words that reached the air, Although the holiest name was there, Had more of blasphemy than prayer. But when he shook above the crowd Its kindled points, he spoke aloud:—



In the Pass of the I rosachs boking to beala-nam-bo



1855

1860

1865

1870

1875

"Woe to the wretch who fails to rear At this dread sign the ready spear! For, as the flames this symbol sear, His home, the refuge of his fear,

A kindred fate shall know;
Far o'er its roof the volumed flame
Clan-Alpine's vengeance shall proclaim,
While maids and matrons on his name

Shall call down wretchedness and shame,

And infamy and woe."
Then rose the cry of females, shrill
As goshawk's whistle on the hill,
Denouncing misery and ill,
Mingled with childhood's babbling trill

Of curses stammered slow;
Answering with imprecation dread,
"Sunk be his home in embers red!
And cursed be the meanest shed
That e'er shall hide the houseless head
We doom to want and woe!"

A sharp and shrieking echo gave, Coir-Uriskin, thy goblin cave! And the gray pass where birches wave On Beala-nam-bo.

ΧI

Then deeper paused the priest anew, And hard his laboring breath he drew, While, with set teeth and clenched hand, And eyes that glowed like fiery brand, He meditated curse more dread, And deadlier, on the clansman's head

1885

1890

1895

1900

1905

Who, summoned to his chieftain's aid, The signal saw and disobeyed. The crosslet's points of sparkling wood He quenched among the bubbling blood, And, as again the sign he reared, Hollow and hoarse his voice was heard: "When flits this Cross from man to man, Vich-Alpine's summons to his clan, Burst be the ear that fails to heed! Palsied the foot that shuns to speed! May ravens tear the careless eyes, Wolves make the coward heart their prize! As sinks that blood-stream in the earth, So may his heart's blood drench his hearth! As dies in hissing gore the spark, Quench thou his light, Destruction dark! And be the grace to him denied, Bought by this sign to all beside!" He ceased; no echo gave again The murmur of the deep Amen.

XII

Then Roderick with impatient look From Brian's hand the symbol took: "Speed, Malise, speed!" he said, and gave The crosslet to his henchman brave. "The muster-place be Lanrick mead-Instant the time-speed, Malise, speed!" Like heath-bird, when the hawks pursue, A barge across Loch Katrine flew: High stood the henchman on the prow; So rapidly the barge-men row,

1915

The bubbles, where they launched the boat,
Were all unbroken and afloat,
Dancing in foam and ripple still,
When it had neared the mainland hill;
And from the silver beach's side
Still was the prow three fathom wide,
When lightly bounded to the land
The messenger of blood and brand.

XIII

Speed, Malise, speed! the dun deer's hide On fleeter foot was never tied. Speed, Malise, speed! such cause of haste Thine active sinews never braced. 1920 Bend 'gainst the steepy hill thy breast, Burst down like torrent from its crest: With short and springing footstep pass The trembling bog and false morass; Across the brook like roebuck bound, 1925 And thread the brake like questing hound; The crag is high, the scaur is deep, Yet shrink not from the desperate leap: Parched are thy burning lips and brow, Yet by the fountain pause not now. 1930 Herald of battle, fate, and fear, Stretch onward in thy fleet career! The wounded hind thou track'st not now. Pursuest not maid through greenwood bough, Nor pliest thou now thy flying pace 1935 With rivals in the mountain race: But danger, death, and warrior deed Are in thy course—speed, Malise, speed!

XIV

Fast as the fatal symbol flies, In arms the huts and hamlets rise; 1940 From winding glen, from upland brown, They poured each hardy tenant down. Nor slacked the messenger his pace; He showed the sign, he named the place, And, pressing forward like the wind, 1945 Left clamor and surprise behind. The fisherman forsook the strand. The swarthy smith took dirk and brand; With changed cheer, the mower blithe Left in the half-cut swath his scythe; 1950 The herds without a keeper strayed, The plough was in mid-furrow stayed, The falconer tossed his hawk away, The hunter left the stag at bay; Prompt at the signal of alarms, 1955 Each son of Alpine rushed to arms; So swept the tumult and affrav Along the margin of Achray. Alas, thou lovely lake! that e'er Thy banks should echo sounds of fear! 1960 The rocks, the bosky thickets, sleep So stilly on thy bosom deep. The lark's blithe carol from the cloud, Seems for the scene too gaily loud.

XV

Speed, Malise, speed! The lake is past,
Duncraggan's huts appear at last,
And peep, like moss-grown rocks, half seen,



nuncraggan Huts, Trosachs



Half hidden in the copse so green; There mayst thou rest, thy labor done, Their lord shall speed the signal on.-1975 As stoops the hawk upon his prey, The henchman shot him down the way. What woeful accents load the gale? The funeral yell, the female wail! A gallant hunter's sport is o'er, 1980 A valiant warrior fights no more. Who, in the battle or the chase, At Roderick's side shall fill his place!-Within the hall, where torches' ray Supplies the excluded beams of day, 1985 Lies Duncan on his lowly bier, And o'er him streams his widow's tear. His stripling son stands mournful by, His youngest weeps, but knows not why; The village maids and matrons round 1990 The dismal coronach resound.

XVI

CORONACH

He is gone on the mountain.

He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.

The font, reappearing,
From the raindrops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow!

2005

2010

2015

2020

2025

The hand of the reaper Takes the ears that are hoary, But the voice of the weeper Wails manhood in glory. The autumn winds rushing Waft the leaves that are searest. But our flower was in flushing, When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi, Sage counsel in cumber, Red hand in the foray, How sound is thy slumber! Like the dew on the mountain. Like the foam on the river, Like the bubble on the fountain Thou art gone, and forever!

XVII

See Stumah, who, the bier beside, His master's corpse with wonder eyed, Poor Stumah! whom his least halloo Could send like lightning o'er the dew, Bristles his crest, and points his ears, As if some stranger step he hears. 'T is not a mourner's muffled tread. Who comes to sorrow o'er the dead. But headlong haste, or deadly fear, Urge the precipitate career. All stand aghast:—unheeding all, The henchman bursts into the hall: Before the dead man's bier he stood,

Held forth the Cross besmeared with blood; "The muster-place is Lanrick mead; Speed forth the signal! clansmen, speed!"

2030

XVIII

Angus, the heir of Duncan's line. Sprung forth and seized the fatal sign. In haste the stripling to his side His father's dirk and broadsword tied; 2035 But when he saw his mother's eve Watch him in speechless agony. Back to her opened arms he flew, Pressed on her lips a fond adieu.— "Alas!" she sobbed,—"and yet be gone. 2040 And speed thee forth, like Duncan's son!" One look he cast upon the bier, Dashed from his eye the gathering tear, Breathed deep to clear his laboring breast. And tossed aloft his bonnet crest. 2045 Then, like the high-bred colt when, freed, First he essays his fire and speed, He vanished, and o'er moor and moss Sped forward with the Fiery Cross. Suspended was the widow's tear 2050 While yet his footsteps she could hear: And when she marked the henchman's eve Wet with unwonted sympathy, "Kinsman," she said, "his race is run That should have sped thine errand on: 2055 The oak has fallen —the sapling bough Is all Duncraggan's shelter now. Yet trust I well, his duty done,

The orphan's God will guard my son.— And you, in many a danger true, 2060 At Duncan's hest your blades that drew, To arms, and guard that orphan's head! Let babes and women wail the dead." Then weapon-clang and martial call Resounded through the funeral hall, 2065 While from the walls the attendant band Snatched sword and targe, with hurried hand; And short and flitting energy Glanced from the mourner's sunken eye, As if the sounds to warrior dear 2070 Might rouse her Duncan from his bier. But faded soon that borrowed force: Grief claimed his right, and tears their course.

XIX

Benledi saw the Cross of Fire, It glanced like lightning up Strath-Ire. 2075 O'er dale and hill the summons flew, Nor rest nor pause young Angus knew; The tear that gathered in his eye He left the mountain breeze to dry: Until, where Teith's young waters roll 2080 Betwixt him and a wooded knoll That graced the sable strath with green, The chapel of Saint Bride was seen. Swoln was the stream, remote the bridge, But Angus paused not on the edge; 2085 Though the dark waves danced dizzily, Though reeled his sympathetic eye, He dashed amid the torrent's roar:

His right hand high the crosslet bore,
His left the pole-axe grasped, to guide
And stay his footing in the tide.
He stumbled twice,—the foam splashed high,
With hoarser swell the stream raced by;
And had he fallen—forever there,
Farewell Duncraggan's orphan heir!
But still, as if in parting life,
Firmer he grasped the Cross of strife,
Until the opposing bank he gained,
And up the chapel pathway strained.

XX

A blithesome rout, that morning-tide, Had sought the chapel of Saint Bride. Her troth Tombea's Mary gave To Norman, heir of Armandave, And, issuing from the Gothic arch, The bridal now resumed their march. In rude but glad procession came Bonneted sire, and coif-clad dame; And plaided youth, with jest and jeer, Which snooded maiden would not hear: And children, that, unwitting why, Lent the gay shout their shrilly cry; And minstrels, that in measures vied Before the young and bonny bride, Whose downcast eye and cheek disclose The tear and blush of morning rose. With virgin step, and bashful hand She held the kerchief's snowy band. The gallant bridegroom by her side

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Beheld his prize with victor's pride, And the glad mother in her ear Was closely whispering word of cheer.

IXX

Who meets them at the churchyard gate? The messenger of fear and fate! Haste in his hurried accent lies. And grief is swimming in his eyes. All dripping from the recent flood, Panting and travel-soiled he stood, The fatal sign of fire and sword Held forth, and spoke the appointed word: "The muster-place is Lanrick mead; Speed forth the signal! Norman, speed!" And must he change so soon the hand Just linked to his by holy band, For the fell Cross of blood and brand? And must the day so blithe that rose, And promised rapture in the close, Before its setting hour, divide The bridegroom from the plighted bride? O fatal doom!-it must! it must! Clan-Alpine's cause, her Chieftain's trust, Her summons dread, brook no delay; Stretch to the race—away! away!

XXII

Yet slow he laid his plaid aside, And, lingering, eyed his lovely bride, Until he saw the starting tear Speak woe he might not stop to cheer; Then, trusting not a second look,

In haste he sped him up the brook, Nor backward glanced, till on the heath Where Lubnaig's lake supplies the Teith.— What in the racer's bosom stirred? The sickening pang of hope deferred, And memory with a torturing train Of all his morning visions vain. Mingled with love's impatience, came 2155 The manly thirst for martial fame; The stormy joy of mountaineers Ere yet they rush upon the spears; And zeal for Clan and Chieftain burning, And hope, from well-fought field returning, With war's red honors on his crest. To clasp his Mary to his breast. Stung by such thoughts, o'er bank and brae, Like fire from flint he glanced away, While high resolve, and feeling strong 2165 Burst into voluntary song.

XXIII

SONG

The heath this night must be my bed,
The bracken curtain for my head,
My lullaby the warder's tread,
Far, far, from love and thee, Mary;

To-morrow eve, more stilly laid,
My couch may be my bloody plaid,
My vesper song thy wail, sweet maid!
It will not waken me, Mary!

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2200

I may not, dare not, fancy now The grief that clouds thy lovely brow. I dare not think upon thy vow. And all it promised me, Mary. No fond regret must Norman know; When bursts Clan-Alpine on the foe, His heart must be like bended bow. His foot like arrow free, Mary.

A time will come with feeling fraught, For, if I fall in battle fought, Thy hapless lover's dying thought. Shall be a thought on thee, Mary. And if returned from conquered foes. How blithely will the evening close. How sweet the linnet sing repose.

To my young bride and me. Mary!

XXIV

Not faster o'er thy heathery braes, Balquidder, speeds the midnight blaze, Rushing in conflagration strong Thy deep ravines and dells along. Wrapping thy cliffs in purple glow. And reddening the dark lakes below: Nor faster speeds it, nor so far, As o'er thy heaths the voice of war. The signal roused to martial coil The sullen margin of Loch Voil, Waked still Loch Doine, and to the source Alarmed, Balvaig, thy swampy course; Thence southward turned its rapid road

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2230

Adown Strath-Gartney's valley broad, Till rose in arms each man might claim A portion in Clan-Alpine's name, From the gray sire, whose trembling hand Could hardly buckle on his brand, To the raw boy, whose shaft and bow Were yet scarce terror to the crow. Each valley, each sequestered glen, Mustered its little horde of men, That met as torrents from the height In Highland dales their streams unite, Still gathering, as they pour along, A voice more loud, a tide more strong, Till at the rendezvous they stood By hundreds prompt for blows and blood, Each trained to arms since life began, Owning no tie but to his clan, No oath, but by his chieftain's hand, No law but Roderick Dhu's command.

XXV

That summer morn had Roderick Dhu Surveyed the skirts of Benvenue, And sent his scouts o'er hill and heath, To view the frontiers of Menteith.

All backward came with news of truce; Still lay each martial Græme and Bruce, In Rednock courts no horsemen wait, No banner waved on Cardross gate, On Duchray's towers no beacon shone, Nor scared the herons from Loch Con; All seemed at peace.—Now wot ye why

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2260

The Chieftain with such anxious eye,
Ere to the muster he repair,
This western frontier scanned with care?—
In Benvenue's most darksome cleft,
A fair though cruel, pledge was left;
For Douglas, to his promise true,
That morning from the isle withdrew,
And in a deep sequestered dell
Had sought a low and lonely cell.
By many a bard in Celtic tongue
Has Coir-nan-Uriskin been sung;
A softer name the Saxons gave,
And called the grot the Goblin Cave.

XXVI

It was a wild and strange retreat, As e'er was trod by outlaw's feet. The dell, upon the mountain's crest. Yawned like a gash on warrior's breast: Its trench had stayed full many a rock. Hurled by primeval earthquake shock From Benvenue's gray summit wild. And here, in random ruin piled, They frowned incumbent o'er the spot. And formed the rugged sylvan grot. The oak and birch with mingled shade At noontide there a twilight made, Unless when short and sudden shone Some straggling beam on cliff or stone, With such a glimpse as prophet's eye Gains on thy depth, Futurity. No murmur waked the solemn still,

Goblin Cave



2290

Save tinkling of a fountain rill; But when the wind chafed with the lake. 2265 A sullen sound would upward break, With dashing hollow voice, that spoke The incessant war of wave and rock. Suspended cliffs with hideous sway Seemed nodding o'er the cavern gray. 2270 From such a den the wolf had sprung, In such the wild-cat leaves her young; Yet Douglas and his daughter fair Sought for a space their safety there. Gray Superstition's whisper dread 2275 Debarred the spot to vulgar tread; For there, she said, did fays resort, And satyrs hold their sylvan court, By moonlight tread their mystic maze. And blast the rash beholder's gaze. 2280

XXVII

Now eve, with western shadows long, Floated on Katrine bright and strong, When Roderick with a chosen few Repassed the heights of Benvenue. Above the Goblin Cave they go, Through the wild pass of Beal-nam-bo; The prompt retainers speed before, To launch the shallop from the shore, For 'cross Loch Katrine lies his way To view the passes of Achray, And place his clansmen in array. Yet lags the Chief in musing mind, Unwonted sight, his men behind.

2300

2305

A single page, to bear his sword,
Alone attended on his lord;
The rest their way through thickets break,
And soon await him by the lake.
It was a fair and gallant sight,
To view them from the neighboring height,
By the low-levelled sunbeam's light!
For strength and stature, from the clan
Each warrior was a chosen man,
As even afar might well be seen,
By their proud step and martial mien.
Their feathers dance, their tartans float,
Their targets gleam, as by the boat
A wild and warlike group they stand,
That well became such mountain-strand.

XXVIII

Their Chief, with step reluctant, still Was lingering on the craggy hill, 2310 Hard by where turned apart the road To Douglas's obscure abode. It was but with that dawning morn That Roderick Dhu had proudly sworn To drown his love in war's wild roar, Nor think of Ellen Douglas more; But he who stems a stream with sand, And fetters flame with flaxen band, Has yet a harder task to prove,-By firm resolve to conquer love! 2320 Eve finds the Chief, like restless ghost, Still hovering near his treasure lost; For though his haughty heart deny

2330

2345

2350

A parting meeting to his eye,
Still fondly strains his anxious ear
The accents of her voice to hear,
And inly did he curse the breeze
That waked to sound the rustling trees.
But hark! What mingles in the strain?
It is the harp of Allan-bane,
That wakes its measure slow and high,
Attuned to sacred minstrelsy.
What melting voice attends the strings?
'Tis Ellen, or an angel, sings.

XXIX

HYMN TO THE VIRGIN

Ave Maria! maiden mild!

Listen to a maiden's prayer!

Thou canst hear though from the wild,

Thou canst save amid despair.

Safe may we sleep beneath thy care,

Though banished, outcast, and reviled—

Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer;

Mother, hear a suppliant child!

Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! undefiled!

The flinty couch we now must share Shall seem with down of eider piled,

If thy protection hover there. The murky cavern's heavy air

Shall breathe of balm if thou hast smiled;

Then, Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer, Mother, list a suppliant child!

Ave Maria!

2360

2365

2370

2375

2380

Ave Maria! stainless styled!
Foul demons of the earth and air,
From this their wonted haunt exiled,
Shall flee before thy presence fair.
We bow us to our lot of care,
Beneath thy guidance reconciled:
Hear for a maid a maiden's prayer,
And for a father hear a child!

Ave Maria!

XXX

Died on the harp the closing hymn,-Unmoved in attitude and limb. As listening still, Clan-Alpine's lord Stood leaning on his heavy sword, Until the page with humble sign Twice pointed to the sun's decline. Then while his plaid he round him cast, "It is the last time—'t is the last." He muttered thrice,—"the last time e'er That angel-voice shall Roderick hear!" It was a goading thought—his stride Hied hastier down the mountain-side: Sullen he flung him in the boat, An instant 'cross the lake it shot. They landed in that silvery bay, And eastward held their hasty way, Till, with the latest beams of light, The band arrived on Lanrick height, Where mustered in the vale below Clan-Alpine's men in martial show.

XXXI

A various scene the clansmen made: Some sat, some stood, some slowly strayed; But most, with mantles folded round, Were couched to rest upon the ground, 2385 Scarce to be known by curious eye From the deep heather where they lie. So well was matched the tartan screen With heath-bell dark and brackens green; Unless where, here and there, a blade 2390 Or lance's point a glimmer made, Like glow-worm twinkling through the shade. But when, advancing through the gloom, They saw the Chieftain's eagle plume, Their shout of welcome, shrill and wide, 2395 Shook the steep mountain's steady side. Thrice it arose, and lake and fell Three times returned the martial yell; It died upon Bochastle's plain, And Silence claimed her evening reign. 2400

CANTO FOURTH

The Prophecy

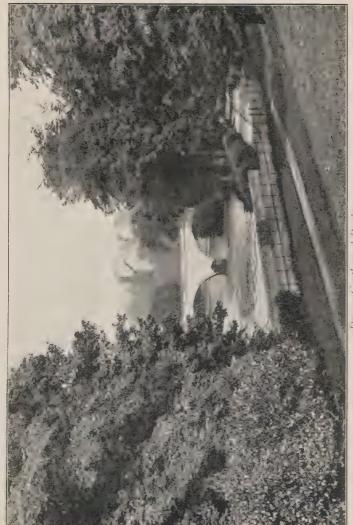
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"The rose is fairest when 't is budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears;
The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears.
O wilding rose, whom fancy thus endears,
I bid your blossoms in my bonnet wave,
Emblem of hope and love through future years!"
Thus spoke young Norman, heir of Armandave,
What time the sun arose on Vennachar's broad wave.

2405

т

Such fond conceit, half said, half sung, 2410 Love prompted to the bridegroom's tongue. All while he stripped the wild-rose spray, His axe and bow beside him lay, For on a pass 'twixt lake and wood A wakeful sentinel he stood. 2415 Hark!—on the rocks a footstep rung, And instant to his arms he sprung. "Stand, or thou diest!-What, Malise?-soon Art thou returned from Braes of Doune. By thy keen step and glance I know, 2420 Thou bring'st us tidings of the foe."-For while the Fiery Cross hied on, On distant scout had Malise gone.-"Where sleeps the Chief?" the henchman said.



Doune Castle and Bridge



2430

"Apart, in yonder misty glade;
To his lone couch I'll be your guide."—
Then called a slumberer by his side,
And stirred him with his slackened bow,—
"Up, up, Glentarkin! rouse thee, ho!
We seek the Chieftain; on the track
Keep eagle watch till I come back."

III

Together up the pass they sped: "What of the foeman?" Norman said.— "Varying reports from near and far; This certain,—that a band of war 2435 Has for two days been ready boune, At prompt command, to march from Doune; King James the while, with princely powers, Holds revelry in Stirling towers. Soon will this dark and gathering cloud 2440 Speak on our glens in thunder loud. Inured to bide such bitter bout. The warrior's plaid may bear it out; But, Norman, how wilt thou provide A shelter for thy bonny bride?"-2445 "What! know ye not that Roderick's care To the lone isle hath caused repair Each maid and matron of the clan, And every child and aged man Unfit for arms; and given his charge, 2450 Nor skiff nor shallop, boat nor barge, Upon these lakes shall float at large, But all beside the islet moor, That such dear pledge may rest secure?"—

2475

2480

IV

"'T is well advised,—the Chieftain's plan
Bespeaks the father of his clan.
But wherefore sleeps Sir Roderick Dhu
Apart from all his followers true?"

"It is because last evening-tide
Brian an augury hath tried,
Of that dread kind which must not be
Unless in dread extremity,
The Taghairm called; by which, afar,
Our sires foresaw the events of war.
Duncraggan's milk-white bull they slew,"—

MALISE

"Ah! well the gallant brute I knew!
The choicest of the prey we had
When swept our merrymen Gallangad.
His hide was snow, his horns were dark,
His red eye glowed like fiery spark;
So fierce, so tameless, and so fleet,
Sore did he cumber our retreat,
And kept our stoutest kerns in awe,
Even at the pass of Beal 'maha.
But steep and flinty was the road,
And sharp the hurrying pikeman's goad,
And when we came to Dennan's Row
A child might scathless stroke his brow."

V

NORMAN

"That bull was slain; his reeking hide They stretched the cataract beside, Whose waters their wild tumult toss

Adown the black and craggy boss Of that huge cliff whose ample verge Tradition calls the Hero's Targe. Couched on a shelf beneath its brink. 2485 Close where the thundering torrents sink. Rocking beneath their headlong sway, And drizzled by the ceaseless spray. Midst groan of rock and roar of stream. The wizard waits prophetic dream. 2490 Nor distant rests the Chief:—but hush! See, gliding slow through mist and bush, The hermit gains you rock, and stands To gaze upon our slumbering bands. Seems he not, Malise, like a ghost. 2495 That hovers o'er a slaughtered host? Or raven on the blasted oak. That, watching while the deer is broke, His morsel claims with sullen croak?"

MALISE

"Peace! peace! to other than to me
Thy words were evil augury;
But still I hold Sir Roderick's blade
Clan-Alpine's omen and her aid,
Not aught that, gleaned from heaven or hell,
Yon fiend-begotten Monk can tell.
The Chieftain joins him, see—and now
Together they descend the brow."

VI

And, as they came, with Alpine's Lord The Hermit Monk held solemn word:— "Roderick! it is a fearful strife,

2510

For man endowed with mortal life, Whose shroud of sentient clay can still Feel feverish pang and fainting chill, Whose eye can stare in stony trance, Whose hair can rouse like warrior's lance,-2515 'T is hard for such to view, unfurled, The curtain of the future world. Yet, witness every quaking limb, My sunken pulse, mine eyeballs dim, My soul with harrowing anguish torn, 2520 This for my Chieftain have I borne!-The shapes that sought my fearful couch, A human tongue may ne'er avouch; No mortal man-save he, who, bred Between the living and the dead, 2525 Is gifted beyond nature's law-Had e'er survived to say he saw. At length the fateful answer came, In characters of living flame! Not spoke in word, nor blazed in scroll, 2530 But borne and branded on my soul:-WHICH SPILLS THE FOREMOST FORMAN'S LIFE, THAT PARTY CONQUERS IN THE STRIFE."

VII

"Thanks, Brian, for thy zeal and care!
Good is thine augury, and fair.
Clan-Alpine ne'er in battle stood
But first our broadswords tasted blood.
A surer victim still I know,
Self-offered to the auspicious blow:
A spy has sought my land this morn,—

No eve shall witness his return!

My followers guard each pass's mouth,
To east, to westward, and to south;
Red Murdoch, bribed to be his guide,
Has charge to lead his steps aside,
Till in deep path or dingle brown
He light on those shall bring him down.—
But see, who comes his news to show!
Malise! what tidings of the foe?"

VIII

"At Doune, o'er many a spear and glaive 2550 Two Barons proud their banners wave. I saw the Moray's silver star, And marked the sable pale of Mar." "By Alpine's soul, high tidings those! I love to hear of worthy foes. 2555 When move they on?" "To-morrow's noon Will see them here for battle boune." "Then shall it see a meeting stern! But, for the place,—say, couldst thou learn Naught of the friendly clans of Earn? 2560 Strengthened by them, we well might bide The battle on Benledi's side. Thou couldst not?—well! Clan-Alpine's men Shall man the Trosachs' shaggy glen; Within Loch Katrine's gorge we'll fight, 2565 All in our maids' and matrons' sight, Each for his hearth and household fire. Father for child, and son for sire, Lover for maid beloved!-But why-Is it the breeze affects mine eye? 2570

2580

Or dost thou come, ill-omened tear!

A messenger of doubt or fear?

No! sooner may the Saxon lance
Unfix Benledi from his stance,
Than doubt or terror can pierce through
The unyielding heart of Roderick Dhu!

'T is stubborn as his rusty targe.
Each to his post!—all know their charge."
The pibroch sounds, the bands advance,
The broadswords gleam, the banners dance,
Obedient to the Chieftain's glance.—
I turn me from the martial roar,
And seek Coir-Uriskin once more.

īΧ

Where is the Douglas?—he is gone; And Ellen sits on the gray stone 2585 Fast by the cave, and makes her moan, While vainly Allan's words of cheer Are poured on her unheeding ear. "He will return,—dear lady, trust!— With joy return; -he will-he must. 2590 Well was it time to seek afar Some refuge from impending war, When e'en Clan-Alpine's rugged swarm Are cowed by the approaching storm. I saw their boats with many a light, 2595 Floating the livelong yesternight, Shifting like flashes darted forth By the red streamers of the north; I marked at morn how close they ride, Thick moored by the lone islet's side, 2600

Like wild-ducks couching in the fen When stoops the hawk upon the glen. Since this rude race dare not abide The peril on the mainland side, Shall not thy noble father's care Some safe retreat for thee prepare?"

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X

ELLEN

"No. Allan, no! Pretext so kind My wakeful terrors could not blind. When in such tender tone, vet grave, Douglas a parting blessing gave, The tear that glistened in his eye Drowned not his purpose fixed and high. My soul, though feminine and weak, Can image his; e'en as the lake, Itself disturbed by slightest stroke. Reflects the invulnerable rock. He hears report of battle rife. He deems himself the cause of strife. I saw him redden, when the theme Turned. Allan, on thine idle dream Of Malcolm Græme, in fetters bound, Which I, thou saidst, about him wound. Think'st thou he trowed thine omen aught? O no! 't was apprehensive thought For the kind youth, -for Roderick too-Let me be just—that friend so true; In danger both, and in our cause! Minstrel, the Douglas dare not pause.

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2655

Why else that solemn warning given, 'If not on earth, we meet in heaven!' Why else, to Cambus-kenneth's fane, If eve return him not again, Am I to hie, and make me known? Alas! he goes to Scotland's throne, Buys his friends' safety with his own; He goes to do—what I had done, Had Douglas' daughter been his son!"

ΧI

"Nay, lovely Ellen!-dearest, nay! If aught should his return delay, He only named von holy fane As fitting place to meet again. Be sure he's safe; and for the Græme,-Heaven's blessing on his gallant name!-My visioned sight may yet prove true, Nor bode of ill to him or you. When did my gifted dream beguile? Think of the stranger at the isle, And think upon the harpings slow, That presaged this approaching woe! Sooth was my prophecy of fear; Believe it when it augurs cheer. Would we had left this dismal spot! Ill luck still haunts a fairy grot. Of such a wondrous tale I know-Dear lady, change that look of woe, My harp was wont thy grief to cheer."

ELLEN

"Well, be it as thou wilt; I hear, But cannot stop the bursting tear." The Minstrel tried his simple art, But distant far was Ellen's heart.

2660

XII

BALLAD

ALICE BRAND

Merry it is in the good greenwood,
When the mavis and merle are singing,
When the deer sweeps by, and the hounds are
in cry,

And the hunter's horn is ringing.

"O Alice Brand, my native land
Is lost for love of you;
And we must hold by wood and wold,
As outlaws wont to do.

2665

"O Alice, 't was all for thy locks so bright,
And 't was all for thine eyes so blue,
That on the night of our luckless flight
Thy brother bold I slew.

2670

"Now must I teach to hew the beech
The hand that held the glaive,
For leaves to spread our lowly bed,
And stakes to fence our cave.

2875

"And for vest of pall, thy fingers small,
That wont on harp to stray,
A cloak must shear from the slaughtered deer,
To keep the cold away."

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2705

[CANTO IV]

"O Richard! if my brother died, 'T was but a fatal chance: For darkling was the battle tried, And fortune sped the lance.

"If pall and vair no more I wear, Nor thou the crimson sheen, As warm, we'll say, is the russet gray, As gay the forest-green.

> "And, Richard, if our lot be hard, And lost thy native land, Still Alice has her own Richard, And he his Alice Brand."

XIII

BALLAD CONTINUED

'T is merry, 't is merry, in good greenwood; So blithe Lady Alice is singing; On the beech's pride, and oak's brown side, Lord Richard's axe is ringing.

Up spoke the moody Elfin King, Who woned within the hill,— Like wind in the porch of a ruined church. His voice was ghostly shrill.

"Why sounds you stroke on beech and oak, Our moonlight circle's screen? Or who comes here to chase the deer. Beloved of our Elfin Queen? Or who may dare on wold to wear The fairies' fatal green?

"Up, Urgan, up! to yon mortal hie, For thou wert christened man; For cross or sign thou wilt not fly, For muttered word or ban.

2710

"Lay on him the curse of the withered heart,
The curse of the sleepless eye;
Till he wish and pray that his life would part,
Nor yet find leave to die."

XIV

BALLAD CONTINUED

'T is merry, 't is merry, in good greenwood,
Though the birds have stilled their singing;
The evening blaze doth Alice raise,
And Richard is fagots bringing.

Up Urgan starts, that hideous dwarf, Before Lord Richard stands, And, as he crossed and blessed himself, "I fear not sign," quoth the grisly elf, "That is made with bloody hands."

2720

But out then spoke she, Alice Brand,
That woman void of fear,—
"And if there's blood upon his hand,
"T is but the blood of deer."

2725

"Now loud thou liest, thou bold of mood!

It cleaves unto his hand,

The stain of thine own kindly blood,

The blood of Ethert Brand."

2730

2745

2750

2755

[CANTO IV]

Then forward stepped she, Alice Brand, And made the holy sign,-"And if there's blood on Richard's hand, A spotless hand is mine.

"And I conjure thee, demon elf, By Him whom demons fear, To show us whence thou art thyself, And what thine errand here?"

xv

BALLAD CONTINUED

"'T is merry, 't is merry, in Fairy-land, 2740 When fairy birds are singing, When the court doth ride by their monarch's side. With bit and bridle ringing:

> "And gayly shines the Fairy-land-But all is glistening show, Like the idle gleam that December's beam Can dart on ice and snow.

"And fading, like that varied gleam, Is our inconstant shape, Who now like knight and lady seem. And now like dwarf and ape.

"It was between the night and day, When the Fairy King has power. That I sunk down in a sinful fray, And 'twixt life and death was snatched away To the joyless Elfin bower.

2765

"But wist I of a woman bold,
Who thrice my brow durst sign,
I might regain my mortal mould,
As fair a form as thine."

She crossed him once—she crossed him twice— That lady was so brave; The fouler grew his goblin hue, The darker grew the cave.

She crossed him thrice, that lady bold; He rose beneath her hand The fairest knight on Scottish mould, Her brother, Ethert Brand!

Merry it is in good greenwood,

When the mavis and merle are singing

But merrier were they in Dunfermline gray,

When all the bells were ringing.

XVI

Just as the minstrel sounds were stayed,
A stranger climbed the steepy glade;
His martial step, his stately mien,
His hunting suit of Lincoln green,
His eagle glance, remembrance claims—
'T is Snowdoun's Knight, 't is James Fitz-James.
Ellen beheld as in a dream,
Then, starting, scarce suppressed a scream:
''O stranger! in such hour of fear
What evil hap has brought thee here?''
''An evil hap how can it be,
That bids me look again on thee?

2810

By promise bound, my former guide 2785 Met me betimes this morning-tide, And marshalled over bank and bourne, The happy path of my return." "The happy path!-what! said he naught Of war, of battle to be fought. 2790 Of guarded pass?"-"No, by my faith! Nor saw I aught could augur scathe." "O haste thee, Allan, to the kern: Yonder his tartans I discern: Learn thou his purpose, and conjure 2795 That he will guide the stranger sure!— What prompted thee, unhappy man? The meanest serf in Roderick's clan Had not been bribed, by love or fear, Unknown to him to guide thee here." 2800

XVII

"Sweet Ellen, dear my life must be,
Since it is worthy care from thee;
Yet life I hold but idle breath,
When love or honor's weighed with death.
Then let me profit by my chance,
And speak my purpose bold at once.
I come to bear thee from a wild
Where ne'er before such blossom smiled,
By this soft hand to lead thee far
From frantic scenes of feud and war.
Near Bochastle my horses wait:
They bear us soon to Stirling gate.
I'll place thee in a lovely bower,
I'll guard thee like a tender flower—"



Pass of the Trosachs. "Where twines the path"



"O hush, Sir Knight! 't were female art, 2815 To say I do not read thy heart; Too much, before, my selfish ear Was idly soothed my praise to hear. That fatal bait hath lured thee back, In deathful hour, o'er dangerous track; 2820 And how, O how, can I atone The wreck my vanity brought on!-One way remains-I'll tell him all-Yes! struggling bosom, forth it shall! Thou, whose light folly bears the blame, 2825 Buy thine own pardon with thy shame! But first-my father is a man Outlawed and exiled, under ban; The price of blood is on his head, With me 't were infamy to wed. 2830 Still wouldst thou speak?—then hear the truth! Fitz-James, there is a noble youth-If yet he is!-exposed for me And mine to dread extremity-Thou hast the secret of my heart; 2835 Forgive, be generous, and depart!"

XVIII

Fitz-James knew every wily train
A lady's fickle heart to gain,
But here he knew and felt them vain.
There shot no glance from Ellen's eye,
To give her steadfast speech the lie;
In maiden confidence she stood,
Though mantled in her cheek the blood,
And told her love with such a sigh

2865

2870

Of deep and hopeless agony, 2845 As death had sealed her Malcolm's doom And she sat sorrowing on his tomb. Hope vanished from Fitz-James's eye, But not with hope fled sympathy. He proffered to attend her side. 2850 As brother would a sister guide. "O little know'st thou Roderick's heart! Safer for both we go apart. O haste thee, and from Allan learn If thou mayst trust you wily kern." 2855 With hand upon his forehead laid, The conflict of his mind to shade, A parting step or two he made; Then, as some thought had crossed his brain, He paused, and turned, and came again.

XIX

"Hear, lady, yet, a parting word!-It chanced in fight that my poor sword Preserved the life of Scotland's lord This ring the grateful Monarch gave, And bade, when I had boon to crave, To bring it back, and boldly claim The recompense that I would name. Ellen, I am no courtly lord, But one who lives by lance and sword, Whose castle is his helm and shield, His lordship the embattled field. What from a prince can I demand. Who neither reck of state nor land? Ellen, thy hand-the ring is thine:



Pass of the Trosachs and Fen-an



Each guard and usher knows the sign. 2875 Seek thou the King without delay; This signet shall secure thy way: And claim thy suit, whate'er it be, As ransom of his pledge to me." He placed the golden circlet on, 2880 Paused-kissed her hand-and then was gone. The aged Minstrel stood aghast, So hastily Fitz-James shot past. He joined his guide, and winding down The ridges of the mountain brown, 2885 Across the stream they took their way That joins Loch Katrine to Achray.

XX

All in the Trosachs' glen was still, Noontide was sleeping on the hill: Sudden his guide whooped loud and high-"Murdoch! was that a signal cry?—" He stammered forth, "I shout to scare Yon raven from his dainty fare." He looked—he knew the raven's prev. His own brave steed: - "Ah! gallant gray! 2895 For thee—for me, perchance—'t were well We ne'er had seen the Trosachs' dell.-Murdoch, move first—but silently; Whistle or whoop, and thou shalt die!" Jealous and sullen on they fared, 2900 Each silent, each upon his guard.

XXI

Now wound the path its dizzy ledge Around a precipice's edge,

When lo! a wasted female form, Blighted by wrath of sun and storm, 2005 In tattered weeds and wild array. Stood on a cliff beside the way. And glancing round her restless eye, Upon the wood, the rock, the sky. Seemed naught to mark, yet all to spy. 2910 Her brow was wreathed with gaudy broom; With gesture wild she waved a plume Of feathers, which the eagles fling To crag and cliff from dusky wing; Such spoils her desperate step had sought, 2915 Where scarce was footing for the goat. The tartan plaid she first descried, And shrieked till all the rocks replied: As loud she laughed, when near they drew. For then the Lowland garb she knew: 2920 And then her hands she wildly wrung, And then she wept, and then she sung-She sung!—the voice, in better time, Perchance to harp or lute might chime; And now, though strained and roughened, still 2925

IIXX

Rung wildly sweet to dale and hill.

Or heard my native Devan's tides,

SONG

They bid me sleep, they bid me pray,
They say my brain is warped and wrung—
I cannot sleep on Highland brae,
I cannot pray in Highland tongue.
But were I now where Allan glides,

2940

So sweetly would I rest, and pray That Heaven would close my wintry day!

'T was thus my hair they bade me braid, They made me to the church repair; It was my bridal morn they said,

And my true love would meet me there. But woe betide the cruel guile
That drowned in blood the morning smile!
And woe betide the fairy dream!
I only waked to sob and scream.

XXIII

"Who is this maid? what means her lay? She hovers o'er the hollow way, And flutters wide her mantle gray, 2945 As the lone heron spreads his wing, By twilight, o'er a haunted spring." "'T is Blanche of Devan," Murdoch said, "A crazed and captive Lowland maid, Ta'en on the morn she was a bride. 2950 When Roderick forayed Devan-side. The gay bridegroom resistance made, And felt our Chief's unconquered blade. I marvel she is now at large, But oft she 'scapes from Maudlin's charge.— Hence, brain-sick fool!"-He raised his bow:-"Now if thou strik'st her but one blow, I'll pitch thee from the cliff as far As ever peasant pitched a bar!" "Thanks, champion, thanks!" the Maniac cried, 2000 And pressed her to Fitz-James's side. "See the grav pennons I prepare,

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To seek my true love through the air! I will not lend that savage groom,
To break his fall, one downy plume!
No!—deep amid disjointed stones,
The wolves shall batten on his bones,
And then shall his detested plaid,
By bush and brier in mid-air stayed,
Wave forth a banner fair and free,
Meet signal for their revelry."

XXIV

"Hush thee, poor maiden, and be still!"
"O! thou look'st kindly, and I will.
Mine eye has dried and wasted been,
But still it loves the Lincoln green;
And, though mine ear is all unstrung,
Still, still it loves the Lowland tongue.

"For O my sweet William was forester true, He stole poor Blanche's heart away! His coat it was all of the greenwood hue, And so blithely he trilled the Lowland lay!

"It was not that I meant to tell . . . But thou art wise, and guessest well."
Then, in a low and broken tone,
And hurried note, the song went on.
Still on the Clansman fearfully
She fixed her apprehensive eye,
Then turned it on the Knight, and then
Her look glanced wildly o'er the glen.

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XXV

"The toils are pitched, and the stakes are set,— Ever sing merrily, merrily;
The bows they bend, and the knives they whet,
Hunters live so cheerily.

"It was a stag, a stag of ten, Bearing its branches sturdily; He came stately down the glen,— Ever sing hardily, hardily.

"It was there he met with a wounded doe,
She was bleeding deathfully;
She warned him of the toils below,
O, so faithfully, faithfully!

"He had an eye, and he could heed,— Ever sing warily, warily; He had a foot, and he could speed,— Hunters watch so narrowly."

XXVI

Fitz-James's mind was passion-tossed,
When Ellen's hints and fears were lost;
But Murdoch's shout suspicion wrought,
And Blanche's song conviction brought.
Not like a stag that spies the snare,
But lion of the hunt aware,
He waved at once his blade on high,
"Disclose thy treachery, or die!"
Forth at full speed the Clansman flew,
But in his race his bow he drew.
The shaft just grazed Fitz-James's crest,

3045

And thrilled in Blanche's faded breast.— Murdoch of Alpine! prove thy speed. For ne'er had Alpine's son such need: With heart of fire, and foot of wind, 3020 The fierce avenger is behind! Fate judges of the rapid strife-The forfeit death—the prize is life; Thy kindred ambush lies before, Close couched upon the heathery moor; 3025 Them couldst thou reach!—it may not be-Thine ambushed kin thou ne'er shalt see, The fiery Saxon gains on thee!-Resistless speeds the deadly thrust. As lightning strikes the pine to dust; 3030 With foot and hand Fitz-James must strain Ere he can win his blade again. Bent o'er the fallen with falcon eve. He grimly smiled to see him die, Then slower wended back his way. 3035 Where the poor maiden bleeding lay

XXVII

She sat beneath the birchen tree,
Her elbow resting on her knee;
She had withdrawn the fatal shaft,
And gazed on it, and feebly laughed;
Her wreath of broom and feathers gray,
Daggled with blood, beside her lay.
The Knight to stanch the life-stream tried,—
"Stranger, it is in vain!" she cried.
"This hour of death has given me more
Of reason's power than years before;

For, as these ebbing veins decay, My frenzied visions fade away. A helpless injured wretch I die, And something tells me in thine eye 3050 That thou wert mine avenger born. Seest thou this tress?-O! still I've worn This little tress of yellow hair, Through danger, frenzy, and despair! It once was bright and clear as thine, 3055 But blood and tears have dimmed its shine. I will not tell thee when 't was shred. Nor from what guiltless victim's head,-My brain would turn!-but it shall wave Like plumage on thy helmet brave, 3060 Till sun and wind shall bleach the stain, And thou wilt bring it me again. I waver still .- O God! more bright Let reason beam her parting light!-O! by thy knighthood's honored sign, 3065 And for thy life preserved by mine, When thou shalt see a darksome man, Who boasts him Chief of Alpine's clan, With tartans broad and shadowy plume. And hand of blood, and brow of gloom. 3070 Be thy heart bold, thy weapon strong, And wreak poor Blanche of Devan's wrong!-They watch for thee by pass and fell . . . Avoid the path . . . O God! . . . farewell."

XXVIII

A kindly heart had brave Fitz-James; Fast poured his eyes at pity's claims;

And now, with mingled grief and ire. He saw the murdered maid expire. "God, in my need, be my relief. As I wreak this on vonder Chief!" 3080 A lock from Blanche's tresses fair He blended with her bridegroom's hair: The mingled braid in blood he dyed, And placed it on his bonnet-side: "By Him whose word is truth, I swear, 3085 No other favor will I wear. Till this sad token I imbrue In the best blood of Roderick Dhu!-But hark! what means you faint halloo? The chase is up,—but they shall know. 3090 The stag at bay's a dangerous foe." Barred from the known but guarded way, Through copse and cliff Fitz-James must stray, And oft must change his desperate track, By stream and precipice turned back. 3095 Heartless, fatigued, and faint, at length, From lack of food and loss of strength, He couched him in a thicket hoar. And thought his toils and perils o'er:-"Of all my rash adventures past. 3100 This frantic feat must prove the last! Who e'er so mad but might have guessed That all this Highland hornet's nest Would muster up in swarms so soon As e'er they heard of bands at Doune?-3105 Like bloodhounds now they search me out,-

Hark, to the whistle and the shout!-

3135

If farther through the wilds I go,
I only fall upon the foe
I'll couch me here till evening gray,
Then darkling try my dangerous way."

XXIX

The shades of eve come slowly down, The woods are wrapt in deeper brown, The owl awakens from her dell. The fox is heard upon the fell; 3115 Enough remains of glimmering light To guide the wanderer's steps aright. Yet not enough from far to show His figure to the watchful foe. With cautious step and ear awake, 3120 He climbs the crag and threads the brake; And not the summer solstice there Tempered the midnight mountain air, But every breeze that swept the wold Benumbed his drenched limbs with cold. 3125 In dread, in danger, and alone, Famished and chilled, through ways unknown, Tangled and steep, he journeyed on; Till, as a rock's huge point he turned, A watch-fire close before him burned. 3130

xxx

Beside its embers red and clear,
Basked in his plaid a mountaineer;
And up he sprung with sword in hand,—
"Thy name and purpose! Saxon, stand!"
"A stranger." "What dost thou require?"
"Rest and a guide, and food and fire.

My life's beset, my path is lost. The gale has chilled my limbs with frost." "Art thou a friend to Roderick?" "No." "Thou dar'st not call thyself a foe?" 3140 "I dare! to him and all the band He brings to aid his murderous hand." "Bold words!-but, though the beast of game The privilege of chase may claim, Though space and law the stag we lend, 3145 Ere hound we slip or bow we bend, Who ever recked, where, how, or when, The prowling fox was trapped or slain? Thus treacherous scouts,—vet sure they lie. Who say thou cam'st a secret spy!"-3150 "They do, by heaven!-Come Roderick Dhu. And of his clan the boldest two, And let me but till morning rest, I write the falsehood on their crest." "If by the blaze I mark aright, 3155 Thou bear'st the belt and spur of Knight." "Then by these tokens may'st thou know Each proud oppressor's mortal foe." "Enough, enough; sit down and share A soldier's couch, a soldier's fare." 3160

XXXI

He gave him of his Highland cheer,
The hardened flesh of mountain deer;
Dry fuel on the fire he laid,
And bade the Saxon share his plaid.
He tended him like welcome guest,
Then thus his further speech addressed:—

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"Stranger, I am to Roderick Dhu A clansman born, a kinsman true; Each word against his honor spoke Demands of me avenging stroke; Yet more,—upon thy fate, 't is said, A mighty augury is laid. It rests with me to wind my horn,-Thou art with numbers overborne: It rests with me, here, brand to brand, Worn as thou art, to bid thee stand: But, not for clan, nor kindred's cause, Will I depart from honor's laws; To assail a wearied man were shame, And stranger is a holy name; Guidance and rest, and food and fire, In vain he never must require. Then rest thee here till dawn of day: Myself will guide thee on the way, O'er stock and stone, through watch and ward,3185 Till past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard, As far as Coilantogle's ford; From thence thy warrant is thy sword." "I take thy courtesy, by Heaven, As freely as 't is nobly given!" "Well, rest thee; for the bittern's cry Sings us the lake's wild lullaby." With that he shook the gathered heath, And spread his plaid upon the wreath; And the brave foemen, side by side, Lay peaceful down like brothers tried, And slept until the dawning beam Purpled the mountain and the stream.

CANTO FIFTH

The Combat

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FAIR as the earliest beam of eastern light,

When first, by the bewildered pilgrim spied,
It smiles upon the dreary brow of night,
And silvers o'er the torrent's foaming tide,
And lights the fearful path on mountain-side,
Fair as that beam, although the fairest far,
Giving to horror grace, to danger pride,
Shine martial Faith, and Courtesy's bright star,
Through all the wreckful storms that cloud the
brow of War.

ŦΤ

That early beam, so fair and sheen, Was twinkling through the hazel screen, When, rousing at its glimmer red, The warriors left their lowly bed, Looked out upon the dappled sky, Muttered their soldier matins by, And then awaked their fire, to steal, As short and rude, their soldier meal. That o'er, the Gael around him threw His graceful plaid of varied hue, And, true to promise, led the way, By thicket green and mountain gray. A wildering path!—they winded now Along the precipice's brow,

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Callander Bridge and Benledi



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Commanding the rich scenes beneath,
The windings of the Forth and Teith,
And all the vales between that lie,
Till Stirling's turrets melt in sky;
Then, sunk in copse, their farthest glance
Gained not the length of horseman's lance.
'T was oft so steep, the foot was fain
Assistance from the hand to gain;
So tangled oft that, bursting through,
Each hawthorn shed her showers of dew,—
That diamond dew, so pure and clear,
It rivals all but Beauty's tear!

III

At length they came where, stern and steep, The hill sinks down upon the deep. Here Vennachar in silver flows, There, ridge on ridge, Benledi rose; Ever the hollow path twined on, Beneath steep bank and threatening stone; A hundred men might hold the post With hardihood against a host. The rugged mountain's scanty cloak Was dwarfish shrubs of birch and oak, With shingles bare, and cliffs between, And patches bright of bracken green, And heather black, that waved so high, It held the copse in rivalry. But where the lake slept deep and still, Dank osiers fringed the swamp and hill; And oft both path and hill were torn, Where wintry torrent down had borne,

And heaped upon the cumbered land Its wreck of gravel, rocks, and sand. So toilsome was the road to trace, The guide, abating of his pace, Led slowly through the pass's jaws, And asked Fitz-James by what strange cause He sought these wilds, traversed by few, Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.

τv

"Brave Gael, my pass, in danger tried, 3260 Hangs in my belt and by my side; Yet, sooth to tell," the Saxon said, "I dreamt not now to claim its aid. When here, but three days since, I came, Bewildered in pursuit of game, 3265 All seemed as peaceful and as still As the mist slumbering on you hill; Thy dangerous chief was then afar, Nor soon expected back from war. Thus said, at least, my mountain-guide, 3270 Though deep perchance the villain lied." "Yet why a second venture try?" "A warrior thou, and ask me why!-Moves our free course by such fixed cause As gives the poor mechanic laws? 3275 Enough, I sought to drive away The lazy hours of peaceful day; Slight cause will then suffice to guide A Knight's free footsteps far and wide. A falcon flown, a greyhound strayed, 3280 The merry glance of mountain maid:

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Or, if a path be dangerous known, The danger's self is lure alone."

V

"Thy secret keep, I urge thee not;-Yet, ere again ye sought this spot, Say, heard ye naught of Lowland war, Against Clan-Alpine, raised by Mar?" "No, by my word;—of bands prepared To guard King James's sport I heard; Nor doubt I aught, but, when they hear This muster of the mountaineer. Their pennons will abroad be flung, Which else in Doune had peaceful hung." "Free be they flung! for we were loath Their silken folds should feast the moth. Free be they flung!—as free shall wave Clan-Alpine's pine in banner brave. But, stranger, peaceful since you came, Bewildered in the mountain-game, Whence the bold boast by which you show Vich-Alpine's vowed and mortal foe?" "Warrior, but yester-morn, I knew Naught of thy Chieftain, Roderick Dhu, Save as an outlawed desperate man, The chief of a rebellious clan. Who, in the Regent's court and sight, With ruffian dagger stabbed a knight; Yet this alone might from his part Sever each true and loyal heart."

VΙ

Wrathful at such arraignment foul, Dark lowered the clansman's sable scowl.

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A space he paused, then sternly said, "And heardst thou why he drew his blade? Heardst thou that shameful word and blow Brought Roderick's vengeance on his foe? What recked the Chieftain if he stood On Highland heath, or Holy-Rood? He rights such wrong where it is given, If it were in the court of heaven." "Still was it outrage:—vet, 't is true, Not then claimed sovereignty his due: While Albany with feeble hand Held borrowed truncheon of command, The young King, mewed in Stirling tower, Was stranger to respect and power. But then, thy Chieftain's robber life!— Winning mean prey by causeless strife, Wrenching from ruined Lowland swain His herds and harvest reared in vain,— Methinks a soul, like thine, should scorn The spoils from such foul foray borne."

VII

The Gael beheld him grim the while,
And answered with disdainful smile:
"Saxon, from yonder mountain high,
I marked thee send delighted eye
Far to the south and east, where lay,
Extended in succession gay,
Deep waving fields and pastures green,
With gentle slopes and groves between:—
These fertile plains, that softened vale,
Were once the birthright of the Gael;

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The stranger came with iron hand, And from our fathers reft the land. Where dwell we now! See, rudely swell Crag over crag, and fell o'er fell. Ask we this savage hill we tread, For fattened steer or household bread, Ask we for flocks these shingles dry, And well the mountain might reply,-'To you, as to your sires of yore, Belong the target and claymore! I give you shelter in my breast, Your own good blades must win the rest.' Pent in this fortress of the North, Think'st thou we will not sally forth, To spoil the spoiler as we may, And from the robber rend the prey? Ay, by my soul!-While on yon plain The Saxon rears one shock of grain, While of ten thousand herds there strays But one along you river's maze,-The Gael, of plain and river heir, Shall with strong hand redeem his share. Where live the mountain Chiefs who hold That plundering lowland field and fold Is aught but retribution true? Seek other cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu."

VIII

Answered Fitz-James: "And, if I sought, Think'st thou no other could be brought? What deem ye of my path waylaid? My life given o'er to ambuscade?"

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"As of a meed to rashness due: Hadst thou sent warning fair and true,-I seek my hound or falcon strayed, I seek, good faith, a Highland maid,-3375 Free hadst thou been to come and go; But secret path marks secret foe. Nor yet for this, even as a spy, Hadst thou, unheard, been doomed to die, Save to fulfill an augury." 3380 "Well, let it pass; nor will I now Fresh cause of enmity avow, To chafe thy mood and cloud thy brow. Enough, I am by promise tied To match me with this man of pride: 3385 Twice have I sought Clan-Alpine's glen In peace; but when I come again, I come with banner, brand, and bow, As leader seeks his mortal foe. For love-lorn swain in lady's bower 3390 Ne'er panted for the appointed hour, As I, until before me stand This rebel Chieftain and his band!"

IX

"Have then thy wish!"—He whistled shrill, And he was answered from the hill; Wild as the scream of the curlew, From crag to crag the signal flew. Instant, through copse and heath, arose Bonnets and spears and bended bows; On right, on left, above, below, Sprung up at once the lurking foe;

From shingle gray their lances start, The bracken bush sends forth the dart. The rushes and the willow-wand Are bristling into axe and brand, 3405 And every tuft of broom gives life To plaided warrior armed for strife. That whistle garrisoned the glen At once with full five hundred men, As if the yawning hill to heaven 3410 A subterranean host had given. Watching their leader's beck and will, All silent there they stood and still. Like the loose crags whose threatening mass Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass, 3415 As if an infant's touch could urge Their headlong passage down the verge, With step and weapon forward flung, Upon the mountain-side they hung. The Mountaineer cast glance of pride 3420 Along Benledi's living side, Then fixed his eye and sable brow Full on Fitz-James: "How say'st thou now? These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true; And, Saxon,-I am Roderick Dhu!" 3425

X

Fitz-James was brave:—though to his heart
The life-blood thrilled with sudden start,
He manned himself with dauntless air,
Returned the Chief his haughty stare,
His back against a rock he bore,
And firmly placed his foot before:—

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"Come one, come all! this rock shall fly From its firm base as soon as I." Sir Roderick marked,—and in his eyes Respect was mingled with surprise, And the stern joy which warriors feel In foeman worthy of their steel. Short space he stood—then waved his hand: Down sunk the disappearing band; Each warrior vanished where he stood, In broom or bracken, heath or wood; Sunk brand and spear and bended bow, In osiers pale and copses low; It seemed as if their mother Earth Had swallowed up her warlike birth. The wind's last breath had tossed in air. Pennon and plaid and plumage fair,-The next but swept a lone hill-side, Where heath and fern were waving wide:

The sun's last glance was glinted back
From spear and glaive, from targe and jack,—
The next, all unreflected, shone
On bracken green, and cold gray stone.

ΧI

Fitz-James looked round,—yet scarce believed The witness that his sight received; Such apparition well might seem Delusion of a dreadful dream. Sir Roderick in suspense he eyed, And to his look the Chief replied: "Fear naught—nay, that I need not say—But—doubt not aught from mine array.

Thou art my guest;—I pledged my word As far as Coilantogle ford: Nor would I call a clansman's brand For aid against one valiant hand. 3465 Though on our strife lay every vale Rent by the Saxon from the Gael. So move we on; -I only meant To show the reed on which you leant, Deeming this path you might pursue 3470 Without a pass from Roderick Dhu." They moved; —I said Fitz-James was brave As ever knight that belted glaive, Yet dare not say that now his blood Kept on its wont and tempered flood, 3475 As, following Roderick's stride, he drew That seeming lonesome pathway through, Which vet by fearful proof was rife With lances, that, to take his life, Waited but signal from a guide, 3480 So late dishonored and defied. Ever, by stealth, his eye sought round The vanished guardians of the ground, And still from copse and heather deep, Fancy saw spear and broadsword peep, 3485 And in the plover's shrilly strain, The signal whistle heard again. Nor breathed he free till far behind The pass was left; for then they wind Along a wide and level green, 3490 Where neither tree nor tuft was seen, Nor rush nor bush of broom was near, To hide a bonnet or a spear.

XII

The Chief in silence strode before. And reached that torrent's sounding shore, 3495 Which, daughter of three mighty lakes, From Vennachar in silver breaks. Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless mines On Bochastle the mouldering lines, Where Rome, the Empress of the world, 3500 Of yore her eagle wings unfurled. And here his course the Chieftain stayed, Threw down his target and his plaid, And to the Lowland warrior said: "Bold Saxon! to his promise just, 3505 Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust. This murderous Chief, this ruthless man, This head of a rebellious clan, Hath led thee safe, through watch and ward Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard, 3510 Now, man to man, and steel to steel, A Chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel. See, here all vantageless I stand, Armed like thyself with single brand; For this is Coilantogle ford, 3515 And thou must keep thee with thy sword."

XIII

The Saxon paused: "I ne'er delayed, When foeman bade me draw my blade; Nay, more, brave Chief, I vowed thy death; Yet sure thy fair and generous faith, And my deep debt for life preserved, A better meed have well deserved:





Can naught but blood our feud atone? Are there no means?"-"No, stranger, none! And hear,—to fire thy flagging zeal,— 3525 The Saxon cause rests on thy steel; For thus spoke Fate by prophet bred Between the living and the dead: 'Who spills the foremost foeman's life, His party conquers in the strife." 3530 "Then, by my word," the Saxon said, "The riddle is already read. Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff,-There lies Red Murdoch, stark and stiff. Thus Fate hath solved her prophecy; 3535 Then yield to Fate, and not to me. To James at Stirling let us go, When, if thou wilt be still his foe, Or if the King shall not agree To grant thee grace and favor free, 3540 I plight mine honor, oath, and word That, to thy native strengths restored, With each advantage shalt thou stand That aids thee now to guard thy land."

XIV

Dark lightning flashed from Roderick's eye: 3545
"Soars thy presumption, then, so high,
Because a wretched kern ye slew,
Homage to name to Roderick Dhu?
He yields not, he, to man nor Fate!
Thou add'st but fuel to my hate;—
My clansman's blood demands revenge.
Not yet prepared?—By heaven, I change

My thought, and hold thy valor light As that of some vain carpet knight, Who ill deserved my courteous care, 3555 And whose best boast is but to wear A braid of his fair lady's hair." "I thank thee, Roderick, for the word! It nerves my heart, it steels my sword; For I have sworn this braid to stain 3560 In the best blood that warms thy vein. Now, truce, farewell! and, ruth, begone!-Yet think not that by thee alone, Proud Chief! can courtesy be shown; Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn, 3565 Start at my whistle clansmen stern, Of this small horn one feeble blast Would fearful odds against thee cast. But fear not-doubt not-which thou wilt-We try this quarrel hilt to hilt." 3570 Then each at once his falchion drew. Each on the ground his scabbard threw, Each looked to sun and stream and plain, As what they ne'er might see again; Then foot and point and eye opposed, 3575 In dubious strife they darkly closed.

хv

Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu, That on the field his targe he threw, Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide Had death so often dashed aside; For, trained abroad his arms to wield, Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield.

He practised every pass and ward, To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard; While less expert, though stronger far, 3585 The Gael maintained unequal war. Three times in closing strife they stood, And thrice the Saxon blade drank blood: No stinted draught, no scanty tide, The gushing flood the tartans dyed. 3590 Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain. And showered his blows like wintry rain; And, as firm rock or castle-roof Against the winter shower is proof, The foe, invulnerable still, 3595 Foiled his wild rage by steady skill; Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand, And backward borne upon the lea, Brought the proud Chieftain to his knee. 3600

XVI

"Now yield thee, or by Him who made
The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade!"
"Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy!
Let recreant yield, who fears to die."
Like adder darting from his coil,
Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
Like mountain-cat who guards her young,
Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung;
Received, but recked not of a wound,
And locked his arms his foeman round.—
Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own!
No maiden's hand is round thee thrown!

That desperate grasp thy frame might feel Through bars of brass and triple steel! They tug, they strain! down, down they go, 3615 The Gael above, Fitz-James below. The Chieftain's gripe his throat compressed, His knee was planted on his breast; His clotted locks he backward threw, Across his brow his hand he drew, 3620 From blood and mist to clear his sight. Then gleamed aloft his dagger bright! But hate and fury ill supplied The stream of life's exhausted tide. And all too late the advantage came, 3625 To turn the odds of deadly game; For, while the dagger gleamed on high, Reeled soul and sense, reeled brain and eve. Down came the blow! but in the heath The erring blade found bloodless sheath. 3630 The struggling foe may now unclasp The fainting Chief's relaxing grasp; Unwounded from the dreadful close. But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

XVII

He faltered thanks to Heaven for life,
Redeemed, unhoped, from desperate strife;
Next on his foe his look he cast,
Whose every gasp appeared his last;
In Roderick's gore he dipped the braid,—
"Poor Blanche! thy wrongs are dearly paid;
Yet with thy foe must die, or live,
The praise that faith and valor give."

With that he blew a bugle-note, Undid the collar from his throat. 3645 Unbonneted, and by the wave Sat down his brow and hands to lave. Then faint afar are heard the feet Of rushing steeds in gallop fleet; The sounds increase, and now are seen Four mounted squires in Lincoln green; 3650 Two who bear lance, and two who lead By loosened rein a saddled steed; Each onward held his headlong course, And by Fitz-James reined up his horse,-With wonder viewed the bloody spot,-3655 "Exclaim not, gallants! question r ..-You, Herbert and Luffness, alight. And bind the wounds of yonder knight; Let the gray palfrey bear his weight, We destined for a fairer freight, 3660 And bring him on to Stirling straight; I will before at better speed, To seek fresh horse and fitting weed. The sun rides high; - I must be boune To see the archer game at noon; 3665 But lightly Bayard clears the lea.-De Vaux and Herries, follow me.

XVIII

"Stand, Bayard, stand!"—the steed obeyed, With arching neck and bended head, And glancing eye and quivering ear, As if he loved his lord to hear.

No foot Fitz-James in stirrup stayed,

No grasp upon the saddle laid, But wreathed his left hand in the mane, And lightly bounded from the plain, 3675 Turned on the horse his armed heel. And stirred his courage with the steel. Bounded the fiery steed in air, The rider sat erect and fair. Then like a bolt from steel crossbow 3680 Forth launched, along the plain they go. They dashed that rapid torrent through, And up Carhonie's hill they flew; Still at the gallop pricked the Knight. His merry men followed as they might. 3685 Along thy banks, swift Teith! they ride, And in the race they mock thy tide; Torry and Lendrick now are past, And Deanstown lies behind them cast: They rise, the bannered towers of Doune, 3690 They sink in distant woodland soon; Blair-Drummond sees the hoofs strike fire. They sweep like breeze through Ochtertyre: They mark just glance and disappear The lofty brow of ancient Kier; 3695 They bathe their coursers' sweltering sides, Dark Forth! amid thy sluggish tides,

With plash, with scramble, and with bound.
Right-hand they leave thy cliffs, Craig-Forth!
And soon the bulwark of the North,
Gray Stirling, with her towers and town,
Upon their fleet career looked down.

And on the opposing shore take ground,

XIX

As up the flinty path they strained, Sudden his steed the leader reined: 3705 A signal to his squire he flung, Who instant to his stirrup sprung:--"Seest thou, De Vaux, you woodsman gray, Who townward holds the rocky way, Of stature tall and poor array? 3710 Mark'st thou the firm, yet active stride, With which he scales the mountain-side? Know'st thou from whence he comes, or whom?" "No, by my word; -a burly groom He seems, who in the field or chase 3715 A baron's train would nobly grace-" "Out, out, De Vaux! can fear supply, And jealousy, no sharper eye? Afar, ere to the hill he drew, That stately form and step I knew; 3720 Like form in Scotland is not seen. Treads not such step on Scottish green. 'T is James of Douglas, by Saint Serle! The uncle of the banished Earl. Away, away, to court, to show 3725 The near approach of dreaded foe: The King must stand upon his guard; Douglas and he must meet prepared." Then right-hand wheeled their steeds, and straight They won the Castle's postern gate. 3730

XX

The Douglas, who had bent his way From Cambus-kenneth's abbey gray,

[CANTO V]

Now, as he climbed the rocky shelf, Held sad communion with himself:-"Yes! all is true my fears could frame; 3735 A prisoner lies the noble Græme, And fiery Roderick soon will feel The vengeance of the royal steel. I, only I, can ward their fate,-God grant the ransom come not late! 3740 The Abbess hath her promise given, My child shall be the bride of Heaven;-Be pardoned one repining tear! For He who gave her knows how dear, How excellent!—but that is by, 3745 And now my business is-to die.-Ye towers! within whose circuit dread A Douglas by his sovereign bled; And thou, O sad and fatal mound! That oft hast heard the death-axe sound. 3750 As on the noblest of the land Fell the stern headsman's bloody hand,-The dungeon, block, and nameless tomb Prepare—for Douglas seeks his doom! But hark! what blithe and jolly peal 3755 Makes the Franciscan steeple reel? And see! upon the crowded street, In motley groups what masquers meet! Banner and pageant, pipe and drum, And merry morrice-dancers come. 3760 I guess, by all this quaint array, The burghers hold their sports to-day. James will be there; he loves such show,

Where the good yeoman bends his bow,
And the tough wrestler foils his foe,
As well as where, in proud career,
The high-born tilter shivers spear.
I'll follow to the Castle-park,
And play my prize;—King James shall mark
If age has tamed these sinews stark,
Whose force so oft, in happier days,
His boyish wonder loved to praise."

XXI

The Castle gates were open flung, The quivering drawbridge rocked and rung, And echoed loud the flinty street 3775 Beneath the coursers' clattering feet, As slowly down the steep descent Fair Scotland's King and nobles went, While all along the crowded way Was jubilee and loud huzza. 3780 And ever James was bending low To his white jennet's saddle-bow. Doffing his cap to city dame, Who smiled and blushed for pride and shame. And well the simperer might be vain,-3785 He chose the fairest of the train. Gravely he greets each city sire. Commends each pageant's quaint attire. Gives to the dancers thanks aloud. And smiles and nods upon the crowd. 3790 Who rend the heavens with their acclaims,-"Long live the Commons' King, King James!" Behind the King thronged peer and knight.

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[CANTO V]

And noble dame and damsel bright. Whose fiery steeds ill brooked the stay Of the steep street and crowded way. But in the train you might discern Dark lowering brow and visage stern; There nobles mourned their pride restrained. And the mean burgher's joys disdained; And chiefs, who, hostage for their clan, Were each from home a banished man, There thought upon their own gray tower. Their waving woods, their feudal power, And deemed themselves a shameful part Of pageant which they cursed in heart.

XXII

Now, in the Castle-park drew out Their checkered bands the joyous rout. There morricers, with bell at heel And blade in hand, their mazes wheel; But chief, beside the butts, there stand Bold Robin Hood and all his band,— Friar Tuck with quarterstaff and cowl. Old Scathelocke with his surly scowl. Maid Marian, fair as ivory bone. Scarlet, and Mutch, and Little John: Their bugles challenge all that will. In archery to prove their skill. The Douglas bent a bow of might,-His first shaft centred in the white. And when in turn he shot again. His second split the first in twain. From the King's hand must Douglas take

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A silver dart, the archers' stake; Fondly he watched, with watery eye, Some answering glance of sympathy,— No kind emotion made reply! Indifferent as to archer wight, The monarch gave the arrow bright.

XXIII

Now, clear the ring! for, hand to hand, The manly wrestlers take their stand. Two o'er the rest superior rose, And proud demanded mightier foes,-Nor called in vain, for Douglas came.-For life is Hugh of Larbert lame; Scarce better John of Alloa's fare, Whom senseless home his comrades bare. Prize of the wrestling match, the King To Douglas gave a golden ring, While coldly glanced his eye of blue, As frozen drop of wintry dew. Douglas would speak, but in his breast His struggling soul his words suppressed; Indignant then he turned him where Their arms the brawny yeomen bare, To hurl the massive bar in air. When each his utmost strength had shown. The Douglas rent an earth-fast stone From its deep bed, then heaved it high. And sent the fragment through the sky A rood beyond the farthest mark; And still in Stirling's royal park, The gray-haired sires, who know the past,

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To strangers point the Douglas-cast, And moralize on the decay Of Scottish strength in modern day.

XXIV

The vale with loud applauses rang, The Ladies' Rock sent back the clang. The King, with look unmoved, bestowed A purse well filled with pieces broad. Indignant smiled the Douglas proud, And threw the gold among the crowd, Who now with anxious wonder scan, And sharper glance, the dark gray man; Till whispers rose among the throng, That heart so free, and hand so strong, Must to the Douglas blood belong; The old men marked, and shook the head, To see his hair with silver spread, And winked aside, and told each son Of feats upon the English done, Ere Douglas of the stalwart hand Was exiled from his native land. The women praised his stately form, Though wrecked by many a winter's storm; The youth with awe and wonder saw His strength surpassing Nature's law. Thus judged, as is their wont, the crowd, Till murmurs rose to clamors loud. But not a glance from that proud ring Of peers who circled round the King With Douglas held communion kind, Or called the banished man to mind:

No, not from those who at the chase Once held his side the honored place, Begirt his board, and in the field Found safety underneath his shield; For he whom royal eyes disown, When was his form to courtiers known!

XXV

The Monarch saw the gambols flag, 3890 And bade let loose a gallant stag, Whose pride, the holiday to crown, Two favorite greyhounds should pull down, That venison free and Bourdeaux wine, Might serve the archery to dine. 3895 But Lufra,—whom from Douglas' side Nor bribe nor threat could e'er divide, The fleetest hound in all the North,— Brave Lufra saw, and darted forth. She left the royal hounds midway, 3900 And dashing on the antlered prey, Sunk her sharp muzzle in his flank, And deep the flowing life-blood drank. The King's stout huntsman saw the sport By strange intruder broken short, 3905 Came up, and with his leash unbound In anger struck the noble hound. The Douglas had endured, that morn, The King's cold look, the nobles' scorn. And last, and worst to spirit proud, 3910 Had borne the pity of the crowd; But Lufra had been fondly bred. To share his board, to watch his bed,

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And oft would Ellen Lufra's neck
In maiden glee with garlands deck;
They were such playmates that with name
Of Lufra Ellen's image came.
His stifled wrath is brimming high,
In darkened brow and flashing eye;
As waves before the bark divide,
The crowd gave way before his stride;
Needs but a buffet and no more,
The groom lies senseless in his gore.
Such blow no other hand could deal,
Though gauntleted in glove of steel

XXVI

Then clamored loud the royal train, And brandished swords and staves amain. But stern the Baron's warning: "Back! Back, on your lives, ye menial pack! Beware the Douglas.—Yes! behold, King James! The Douglas, doomed of old, And vainly sought for near and far, A victim to atone the war, A willing victim, now attends, Nor craves thy grace but for his friends .- " "Thus is my clemency repaid? Presumptuous Lord!" the monarch said: "Of thy misproud ambitious clan, Thou, James of Bothwell, wert the man, The only man, in whom a foe My woman-mercy would not know; But shall a Monarch's presence brook Injurious blow and haughty look?-

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What ho! the Captain of our Guard!
Give the offender fitting ward.—
Break off the sports!"—for tumult rose,
And yeomen 'gan to bend their bows,—
"Break off the sports!" he said and frowned,
"And bid our horsemen clear the ground."

XXVII

Then uproar wild and misarray Marred the fair form of festal day. The horsemen pricked among the crowd, Repelled by threats and insult loud; To earth are borne the old and weak, The timorous fly, the women shriek; With flint, with shaft, with staff, with bar, The hardier urge tumultuous war. At once round Douglas darkly sweep The royal spears in circle deep, And slowly scale the pathway steep, While on the rear in thunder pour The rabble with disordered roar. With grief the noble Douglas saw The Commons rise against the law. And to the leading soldier said: "Sir John of Hyndford, 't was my blade That knighthood on thy shoulder laid; For that good deed permit me then A word with these misguided men.-

XXVIII

"Hear, gentle friends, ere yet for me Ye break the bands of fealty. My life, my honor, and my cause,

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I tender free to Scotland's laws. Are these so weak as must require The aid of your misguided ire? 3975 Or if I suffer causeless wrong, Is then my selfish rage so strong, My sense of public weal so low, That, for mean vengeance on a foe, Those cords of love I should unbind 3980 Which knit my country and my kind? O no! Believe, in yonder tower It will not soothe my captive hour, To know those spears our foes should dread For me in kindred gore are red: 3985 To know, in fruitless brawl begun, For me that mother wails her son. For me that widow's mate expires, For me that orphans weep their sires, That patriots mourn insulted laws, 3990 And curse the Douglas for the cause. O let your patience ward such ill, And keep your right to love me still!"

XXIX

The crowd's wild fury sunk again
In tears, as tempests melt in rain.
With lifted hands and eyes, they prayed
For blessings on his generous head
Who for his country felt alone,
And prized her blood beyond his own.
Old men upon the verge of life
Blessed him who stayed the civil strife;
And mothers held their babes on high,

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The self-devoted Chief to spy,
Triumphant over wrongs and ire,
To whom the prattlers owed a sire.

Even the rough soldier's heart was moved;
As if behind some bier beloved,
With trailing arms and drooping head,
The Douglas up the hill he led,
And at the Castle's battled verge,
With sighs resigned his honored charge.

XXX

The offended Monarch rode apart, With bitter thought and swelling heart, And would not now vouchsafe again Through Stirling streets to lead his train. "O Lennox, who would wish to rule This changeling crowd, this common fool? Hear'st thou," he said, "the loud acclaim With which they shout the Douglas name? With like acclaim the vulgar throat Strained for King James their morning note; With like acclaim they hailed the day When first I broke the Douglas sway: And like acclaim would Douglas greet If he could hurl me from my seat. Who o'er the herd would wish to reign. Fantastic, fickle, fierce, and vain? Vain as the leaf upon the stream, And fickle as a changeful dream; Fantastic as a woman's mood. And fierce as Frenzy's fevered blood. Thou many-headed monster-thing.

O who would wish to be thy king!-

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XXXI

"But soft! what messenger of speed Spurs hitherward his panting steed? 4035 I guess his cognizance afar-What from our cousin, John of Mar?" "He prays, my liege, your sports keep bound Within the safe and guarded ground; For some foul purpose yet unknown,— 4040 Most sure for evil to the throne,-The outlawed Chieftain, Roderick Dhu. Has summoned his rebellious crew: 'T is said, in James of Bothwell's aid These loose banditti stand arrayed. 4045 The Earl of Mar this morn from Doune, To break their muster marched, and soon Your Grace will hear of battle fought; But earnestly the Earl besought, Till for such danger he provide, 4050 With scanty train you will not ride."

XXXII

"Thou warn'st me I have done amiss,—I should have earlier looked to this; I lost it in this bustling day.—Retrace with speed thy former way; Spare not for spoiling of thy steed, The best of mine shall be thy meed. Say to our faithful Lord of Mar, We do forbid the intended war; Roderick this morn in single fight Was made our prisoner by a knight, And Douglas hath himself and cause

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Submitted to our kingdom's laws.

The tidings of their leaders lost
Will soon dissolve the mountain host,
Nor would we that the vulgar feel,
For their Chief's crimes, avenging steel.
Bear Mar our message, Braco, fly!"
He turned his steed,—"My liege, I hie,
Yet ere I cross this lily lawn
I fear the broadswords will be drawn."
The turf the flying courser spurned,
And to his towers the King returned.

XXXIII

Ill with King James's mood that day Suited gay feast and minstrel lay; Soon were dismissed the courtly throng, And soon cut short the festal song. Nor less upon the saddened town The evening sunk in sorrow down. The burghers spoke of civil jar, Of rumored feuds and mountain war, Of Moray, Mar, and Roderick Dhu, All up in arms;—the Douglas too, They mourned him pent within the hold, "Where stout Earl William was of old .-- " And there his word the speaker staid. And finger on his lip he laid, Or pointed to his dagger blade. But jaded horsemen, from the west At evening to the Castle pressed, And busy talkers said they bore Tidings of fight on Katrine's shore;

At noon the deadly fray begun, And lasted till the set of sun. Thus giddy rumor shook the town, Till closed the Night her pennons brown.

4095





Loch Katrine from the brow of Benvenue

CANTO SIXTH

The Guard-Koom

I

The sun, awakening, through the smoky air

Of the dark city casts a sullen glance,
Rousing each caitiff to his task of care,
Of sinful man the sad inheritance;
Summoning revellers from the lagging dance,
Scaring the prowling robber to his den;
Gilding on battled tower the warder's lance,
And warning student pale to leave his pen,
And yield his drowsy eyes to the kind nurse of men.

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What various scenes, and O! what scenes of woe,
Are witnessed by that red and struggling beam!

The fevered patient, from his pallet low,
Through crowded hospital beholds its stream;

The ruined maiden trembles at its gleam,
The debtor wakes to thought of gyve and jail,
The love-lorn wretch starts from tormenting dream;
The wakeful mother, by the glimmering pale,
Trims her sick infant's couch, and soothes his feeble wail.

ΤT

At dawn the towers of Stirling rang
With soldier-step and weapon-clang,
While drums with rolling note foretell
Relief to weary sentinel.
Through narrow loop and casement barred,
The sunbeams sought the Court of Guard,
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And, struggling with the smoky air, Deadened the torches' yellow glare. In comfortless alliance shone The lights through arch of blackened stone. And showed wild shapes in garb of war, Faces deformed with beard and scar. All haggard from the midnight watch, And fevered with the stern debauch: For the oak table's massive board. Flooded with wine, with fragments stored, And beakers drained, and cups o'erthrown, Showed in what sport the night had flown. Some, weary, snored on floor and bench; Some labored still their thirst to quench; Some, chilled with watching, spread their hands O'er the huge chimney's dying brands, While round them, or beside them flung, At every step their harness rung.

III

These drew not for their fields the sword, Like tenants of a feudal lord, 4140 Nor owned the patriarchal claim Of Chieftain in their leader's name; Adventurers they, from far who roved, To live by battle which they loved. There the Italian's clouded face. 4145 The swarthy Spaniard's there you trace; The mountain-loving Switzer there More freely breathed in mountain-air; The Fleming there despised the soil, That paid so ill the laborer's toil; 4150 Their rolls showed French and German name:

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And merry England's exiles came,
To share, with ill-concealed disdain,
Of Scotland's pay the scanty gain.
All brave in arms, well trained to wield
The heavy halberd, brand, and shield;
In camps licentious, wild, and bold;
In pillage fierce and uncontrolled;
And now, by holytide and feast,
From rules of discipline released.

IV

They held debate of bloody fray, Fought 'twixt Loch Katrine and Achray. Fierce was their speech, and 'mid their words, Their hands oft grappled to their swords; Nor sunk their tone to spare the ear 4165 Of wounded comrades groaning near, Whose mangled limbs and bodies gored Bore token of the mountain sword, Though, neighboring to the Court of Guard, Their prayers and feverish wails were heard, - 4170 Sad burden to the ruffian joke, And savage oath by fury spoke!-At length up started John of Brent, A yeoman from the banks of Trent; A stranger to respect or fear, 4175 In peace a chaser of the deer, In host a hardy mutineer, But still the boldest of the crew When deed of danger was to do. He grieved that day their games cut short, 4180 And marred the dicer's brawling sport,

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And shouted loud, "Renew the bowl!

And, while a merry catch I troll,

Let each the buxom chorus bear,

Like brethren of the brand and spear."

V

SOLDIER'S SONG

Our vicar still preaches that Peter and Poule Laid a swinging long curse on the bonny brown bowl. That there's wrath and despair in the jolly black jack And the seven deadly sins in a flagon of sack; Yet whoop, Barnaby! off with the liquor, Drink upsees out, and a fig for the vicar.

Our vicar he calls it damnation to sip
The ripe ruddy dew of a woman's dear lip,
Says that Beelzebub lurks in her kerchief so sly,
And Apollyon shoots darts from her merry black eye;
Yet whoop, Jack! kiss Gillian the quicker,
Till she bloom like a rose, and a fig for the vicar.

Our vicar thus preaches,—and why should he not?
For the dues of his cure are the placket and pot;
And 't is right of his office poor laymen to lurch
Who infringe the domains of our good Mother Church.
Yet whoop, bully boys! off with your liquor,
Sweet Marjorie's the word, and a fig for the vicar.

VI

The warder's challenge, heard without, Stayed in mid-roar the merry shout. A soldier to the portal went,— "Here is old Bertram, sirs, of Ghent;

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And—beat for jubilee the drum! A maid and minstrel with him come." Bertram, a Fleming, gray and scarred, Was entering now the Court of Guard, A harper with him, and, in plaid All muffled close, a mountain maid, Who backward shrunk to 'scape the view Of the loose scene and boisterous crew. 4215 "What news?" they roared:- "I only know, From noon till eve we fought with foe, As wild and as untamable As the rude mountains where they dwell: On both sides store of blood is lost. Nor much success can either boast."-"But whence thy captives, friend? such spoil As theirs must needs reward thy toil. Old dost thou wax, and wars grow sharp; Thou now hast glee-maiden and harp! Get thee an ape, and trudge the land, The leader of a juggler band."

VII

"No, comrade; -no such fortune mine. After the fight these sought our line, That aged harper and the girl, And, having audience of the Earl, Mar bade I should purvey them steed. And bring them hitherward with speed. Forbear your mirth and rude alarm, For none shall do them shame or harm .- " "Hear ye his boast?" cried John of Brent, Ever to strife and jangling bent;

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"Shall he strike doe beside our lodge, And yet the jealous niggard grudge To pay the forester his fee? I'll have my share howe'er it be, Despite of Moray, Mar, or thee." Bertram his forward step withstood; And, burning in his vengeful mood, Old Allan, though unfit for strife, Laid hand upon his dagger-knife; But Ellen boldly stepped between, And dropped at once the tartan screen:— So, from his morning cloud, appears The sun of May through summer tears. The savage soldiery, amazed, As on descended angel gazed; Even hardy Brent, abashed and tamed, Stood half admiring, half ashamed.

VIII

Boldly she spoke: "Soldiers, attend! 4255 My father was the soldier's friend, Cheered him in camps, in marches led, And with him in the battle bled. Not from the valiant or the strong Should exile's daughter suffer wrong." 4260 Answered De Brent, most forward still In every feat or good or ill: "I shame me of the part I played; And thou an outlaw's child, poor maid! An outlaw I by forest laws, 4285 And merry Needwood knows the cause. Poor Rose, -- if Rose be living now,"-

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He wiped his iron eye and brow,—
"Must bear such age, I think, as thou.—
Hear ye, my mates! I go to call
The Captain of our watch to hall:
There lies my halberd on the floor
And he that steps my halberd o'er,
To do the maid injurious part,
My shaft shall quiver in his heart!
Beware loose speech, or jesting rough:
Ye all know John de Brent. Enough."

IX

Their Captain came, a gallant young,-Of Tullibardine's house he sprung,-Nor wore he yet the spurs of knight; Gay was his mien, his humor light, And, though by courtesy controlled, Forward his speech, his bearing bold. The high-born maiden ill could brook The scanning of his curious look And dauntless eye: - and yet, in sooth, Young Lewis was a generous youth; But Ellen's lovely face and mien, Ill suited to the garb and scene, Might lightly bear construction strange, And give loose fancy scope to range. "Welcome to Stirling towers, fair maid! Come ye to seek a champion's aid, On palfrey white, with harper hoar, Like errant damosel of yore? Does thy high quest a knight require, Or may the venture suit a squire?"

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Her dark eye flashed;—she paused and sighed:—
"O what have I to do with pride!—
Through scenes of sorrow, shame, and strife,
A suppliant for a father's life,
I crave an audience of the King.
Behold, to back my suit, a ring,
The royal pledge of grateful claims,
Given by the Monarch to Fitz-James."

x

The signet ring young Lewis took With deep respect and altered look, And said:—"This ring our duties own; And pardon, if to worth unknown, In semblance mean obscurely veiled, Lady, in aught my folly failed. Soon as the day flings wide his gates, The King shall know what suitor waits. Please you meanwhile in fitting bower Repose you till his waking hour; Female attendance shall obey Your hest, for service or array. Permit I marshal you the way." But, ere she followed, with the grace And open bounty of her race, She bade her slender purse be shared Among the soldiers of the guard. The rest with thanks their guerdon took, But Brent, with shy and awkward look, On the reluctant maiden's hold Forced bluntly back the proffered gold: "Forgive a haughty English heart,

And O, forget its ruder part!

The vacant purse shall be my share,
Which in my barret-cap I'll bear,
Perchance, in jeopardy of war,
Where gayer crests may keep afar."
With thanks,—'t was all she could,—the maid
His rugged courtesy repaid.

ΧI

When Ellen forth with Lewis went, €335 Allan made suit to John of Brent:-"My lady safe, O let your grace Give me to see my master's face! His minstrel I.—to share his doom Bound from the cradle to the tomb. 4340 Tenth in descent, since first my sires Waked for his noble house their lyres. Nor one of all the race was known But prized its weal above their own. With the Chief's birth begins our care; 4345 Our harp must soothe the infant heir, Teach the youth tales of fight, and grace His earliest feat of field or chase: In peace, in war, our rank we keep, We cheer his board, we soothe his sleep. 4350 Nor leave him till we pour our verse-A doleful tribute!—o'er his hearse. Then let me share his captive lot; It is my right,—deny it not!" "Little we reck," said John of Brent, 4355 "We Southern men, of long descent; Nor wot we how a name—a word—

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Makes clansmen vassals to a lord: Yet kind my noble landlord's part,-God bless the house of Beaudesert! And but I loved to drive the deer More than to guide the laboring steer, I had not dwelt an outcast here. Come, good old Minstrel, follow me: Thy Lord and Chieftain shalt thou see."

XII

Then, from a rusted iron hook, A bunch of ponderous keys he took, Lighted a torch, and Allan led Through grated arch and passage dread. Portals they passed, where, deep within, Spoke prisoner's moan, and fetters' din; Through rugged vaults, where, loosely stored, Lay wheel, and axe, and headsman's sword, And many a hideous engine grim, For wrenching joint and crushing limb, By artists formed who deemed it shame And sin to give their work a name. They halted at a low-browed porch, And Brent to Allan gave the torch, While bolt and chain he backward rolled. And made the bar unhasp its hold. They entered:—'t was a prison-room Of stern security and gloom, Yet not a dungeon; for the day Through lofty gratings found its way, And rude and antique garniture Decked the sad walls and oaken floor,

Such as the rugged days of old Deemed fit for captive noble's hold. "Here," said De Brent, "thou may'st remain 4390 Till the Leech visit him again. Strict is his charge, the warders tell, To tend the noble prisoner well." Retiring then the bolt he drew, And the lock's murmurs growled anew. 4395 Roused at the sound, from lowly bed A captive feebly raised his head; The wondering Minstrel looked, and knew-Not his dear lord, but Roderick Dhu! For, come from where Clan-Alpine fought, 4400 They, erring, deemed the Chief he sought.

XIII

As the tall ship, whose lofty prore Shall never stem the billows more. Deserted by her gallant band. Amid the breakers lies astrand.— 4405 So on his couch lay Roderick Dhu! And oft his fevered limbs he threw In toss abrupt, as when her sides Lie rocking in the advancing tides, That shake her frame with ceaseless beat, 4410 Yet cannot heave her from her seat:-O! how unlike her course at sea! Or his free step on hill and lea!-Soon as the Minstrel he could scan,-"What of thy lady?-of my clan?-4415 My mother?—Douglas?—tell me all! Have they been ruined in my fall?

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Ah, yes! or wherefore art thou here! Yet speak, -speak boldly, -do not fear."-For Allan, who his mood well knew, Was choked with grief and terror too .-"Who fought?-who fled?-Old man, be brief;-Some might,—for they had lost their Chief. Who basely live?-who bravely died?" "O, calm thee, Chief!"-the Minstrel cried, "Ellen is safe;"-"For that thank Heaven!" "And hopes are for the Douglas given;-The Lady Margaret, too, is well; And, for thy clan, -on field or fell, Has never harp of minstrel told Of combat fought so true and bold. Thy stately Pine is yet unbent, Though many a goodly bough is rent."

xıv

The Chieftain reared his form on high, And fever's fire was in his eye; 4435 But ghastly, pale, and livid streaks Checkered his swarthy brow and cheeks. "Hark, Minstrel! I have heard thee play, With measure bold on festal day, In you lone isle,—again where ne'er 4440 Shall harper play or warrior hear!-That stirring air that peals on high, O'er Dermid's race our victory.-Strike it!-and then,-for well thou canst,-Free from thy minstrel-spirit glanced, 4445 Fling me the picture of the fight, When met my clan the Saxon might.





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I'll listen, till my fancy hears The clang of swords, the crash of spears! These grates, these walls, shall vanish then 4450 For the fair field of fighting men, And my free spirit burst away, As if it soared from battle fray." The trembling Bard with awe obeyed,-Slow on the harp his hand he laid; 4455 But soon remembrance of the sight He witnessed from the mountain's height, With what old Bertram told at night, Awakened the full power of song, And bore him in career along:-4460 As shallop launched on river's tide, That slow and fearful leaves the side. But, when it feels the middle stream, Drives downward swift as lightning's beam.

хv

BATTLE OF BEAL' AN DUINE

"The Minstrel came once more to view The eastern ridge of Benvenue, For ere he parted he would say Farewell to lovely Loch Achray—Where shall he find, in foreign land, So lone a lake, so sweet a strand!—There is no breeze upon the fern,

No ripple on the lake, Upon her eyry nods the erne, The deer has sought the brake; The small birds will not sing aloud,

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The springing trout lies still, So darkly glooms you thunder-cloud, That swathes, as with a purple shroud, Benledi's distant hill.

Benledi's distant hill.

Is it the thunder's solemn sound
That mutters deep and dread,
Or echoes from the groaning ground
The warrior's measured tread?
Is it the lightning's quivering glance
That on the thicket streams,
Or do they flash on spear and lance
The sun's retiring beams?—
I see the dagger-crest of Mar,
I see the Moray's silver star,

Wave o'er the cloud of Saxon war,
That up the lake comes winding far!
To hero boune for battle-strife,
Or bard of martial lay,
'T were worth ten years of peaceful life

XVI

One glance at their array!

"Their light-armed archers far and near Surveyed the tangled ground,
Their centre ranks, with pike and spear,
A twilight forest frowned,
Their barded horsemen in the rear
The stern battalia crowned.
No cymbal clashed, no clarion rang,
Still were the pipe and drum;
Save heavy tread, and armor's clang,
The sullen march was dumb.

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There breathed no wind their crests to shake,
Or wave their flags abroad;
Scarce the frail aspen seemed to quake,
That shadowed o'er their road.
Their vaward scouts no tidings bring,
Can rouse no lurking foe,
Nor spy a trace of living thing,
Save when they stirred the roe;
The host moves, like a deep-sea wave,
Where rise no rocks its pride to brave,
High-swelling, dark, and slow.
The lake is passed, and now they gain
A narrow and a broken plain

A narrow and a broken plain,
Before the Trosachs' rugged jaws;
And here the horse and spearmen pause,
While, to explore the dangerous glen,
Dive through the pass the archer-men.

XVII

"At once there rose so wild a yell
Within that dark and narrow dell,
As all the fiends from heaven that fell
Had pealed the banner-cry of hell!
Forth from the pass in tumult driven,
Like chaff before the wind of heaven,
The archery appear:
For life! for life! their flight they ply—
And shriek, and shout, and battle-cry,
And plaids and bonnets waving high,

Are maddening in the rear.

Onward they drive in dreadful race,

And broadswords flashing to the sky.

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Pursuers and pursued,
Before that tide of flight and chase,
How shall it keep its rooted place,
The spearmen's twilight wood?—
'Down, down,' cried Mar, 'your lances down!
Bear back both friend and foe!'—
Like reeds before the tempest's frown,
That serried grove of lances brown
At once lay levelled low;
And closely shouldering side to side,
The bristling ranks the onset bide.—
'We'll quell the savage mountaineer,
As their Tinchel cows the game!
They come as fleet as forest deer,

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We'll drive them back as tame.'

"Bearing before them, in their course,
The relics of the archer force,
Like wave with crest of sparkling foam,
Right onward did Clan-Alpine come.
Above the tide, each broadsword bright
Was brandishing like beam of light,
Each targe was dark below;
And with the ocean's mighty swing,
When heaving to the tempest's wing,
They hurled them on the foe.
I heard the lance's shivering crash,
As when the whirlwind rends the ash;
I heard the broadsword's deadly clang,
As if an hundred anvils rang!
But Moray wheeled his rearward rank

Of horsemen on Clan-Alpine's flank,-'My banner-man, advance! I see.' he cried, 'their column shake. Now, gallants! for your ladies' sake, Upon them with the lance!'-4570 The horsemen dashed among the rout, As deer break through the broom; Their steeds are stout, their swords are out, They soon make lightsome room. Clan-Alpine's best are backward borne-4575 Where, where was Roderick then! One blast upon his bugle-horn Were worth a thousand men. And refluent through the pass of fear The battle's tide was poured; 4580 Vanished the Saxon's struggling spear, Vanished the mountain sword. As Bracklinn's chasm, so black and steep. Receives her roaring linn, As the dark caverns of the deep 4585 Suck the wild whirlpool in, So did the deep and darksome pass Devour the battle's mingled mass; None linger now upon the plain, Save those who ne'er shall fight again. 4590

XIX

"Now westward rolls the battle's din, That deep and doubling pass within.— Minstrel, away! the work of fate Is bearing on; its issue wait, Where the rude Trosachs' dread defile

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Opens on Katrine's lake and isle.
Gray Benvenue I soon repassed,
Loch Katrine lay beneath me cast.
The sun is set;—the clouds are met,

The lowering scowl of heaven An inky hue of livid blue

To the deep lake has given; Strange gusts of wind from mountain glen Swept o'er the lake, then sunk again. I heeded not the eddying surge,

Mine eye but saw the Trosachs' gorge,
Mine ear but heard that sullen sound,
Which like an earthquake shook the ground,
And spoke the stern and desperate strife
That parts not but with parting life,
Seeming, to minstrel-ear, to toll
The dirge of many a passing soul.

Nearer it comes—the dim-wood glen The martial flood disgorged again,

But not in mingled tide;
The plaided warriors of the North
High on the mountain thunder forth
And overhang its side,

While by the lake below appears
The darkening cloud of Saxon spears.
At weary bay each shattered band,
Eying their foemen, sternly stand;
Their banners stream like tattered sail,
That flings its fragments to the gale,

And broken arms and disarray Marked the fell havoc of the day.

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XX

"Viewing the mountain's ridge askance, The Saxons stood in sullen trance, Till Moray pointed with his lance,

And cried, 'Behold you isle!— See! none are left to guard its strand But women weak, that wring the hand: 'T is there of yore the robber band

Their booty wont to pile;—
My purse, with bonnet-pieces store,
To him will swim a bow-shot o'er,
And loose a shallop from the shore.
Lightly we'll tame the war-wolf then,
Lords of his mate, and brood, and den.'
Forth from the ranks a spearman sprung,
On earth his casque and corselet rung,

He plunged him in the wave:—
All saw the deed,—the purpose knew,
And to their clamors Benvenue

A mingled echo gave;
The Saxons shout, their mate to cheer,
The helpless females scream for fear,
And yells for rage the mountaineer.
'T was then, as by the outcry riven,
Poured down at once the lowering heaven;
A whirlwind swept Loch Katrine's breast,
Her billows reared their snowy crest.
Well for the swimmer swelled they high,
To mar the Highland marksman's eye;
For round him showered, mid rain and hail,
The vengeful arrows of the Gael.

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In vain.—He nears the isle—and lo!
His hand is on a shallop's bow.
Just then a flash of lightning came,
It tinged the waves and strand with flame;
I marked Duncraggan's widowed dame,
Behind an oak I saw her stand,
A naked dirk gleamed in her hand:—
It darkened,—but amid the moan
Of waves I heard a dying groan;—
Another flash!—the spearman floats
A weltering corse beside the boats,
And the stern matron o'er him stood,
Her hand and dagger streaming blood.

XXI

"'Revenge! revenge!' the Saxons cried, 4670 The Gaels' exulting shout replied. Despite the elemental rage, Again they hurried to engage; But, ere they closed in desperate fight, Bloody with spurring came a knight, 4675 Sprung from his horse, and from a crag, Waved 'twixt the hosts a milk-white flag. Clarion and trumpet by his side Rung forth a truce-note high and wide, While, in the Monarch's name, afar 4680 An herald's voice forbade the war, For Bothwell's lord, and Roderick bold Were both, he said, in captive hold.—" But here the lay made sudden stand, The harp escaped the Minstrel's hand! 4685 Oft had he stolen a glance, to spy

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How Roderick brooked his minstrelsy: At first, the Chieftain, to the chime, With lifted hand kept feeble time; That motion ceased,—yet feeling strong 4690 Varied his look as changed the song; At length, no more his deafened ear The minstrel melody can hear; His face grows sharp,—his hands are clenched, As if some pang his heart-strings wrenched; 4695 Set are his teeth, his fading eye Is sternly fixed on vacancy; Thus, motionless and moanless, drew His parting breath stout Roderick Dhu!-Old Allan-bane looked on aghast, 4700 While grim and still his spirit passed; But when he saw that life was fled, He poured his wailing o'er the dead.

XXII

LAMENT

"And art thou cold and lowly laid,
Thy foeman's dread, thy people's aid,
Breadalbane's boast, Clan-Alpine's shade!
For thee shall none a requiem say?—
For thee, who loved the minstrel's lay,
For thee, of Bothwell's house the stay,
The shelter of her exiled line,
E'en in this prison-house of thine,
I'll wail for Alpine's honored Pine!

"What groans shall yonder valleys fill! What shrieks of grief shall rend yon hill!

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What tears of burning rage shall thrill,
When mourns thy tribe thy battles done,
Thy fall before the race was won,
Thy sword ungirt ere set of sun!
There breathes not clansman of thy line,
But would have given his life for thine.
O, woe for Alpine's honored Pine!

"Sad was thy lot on mortal stage!—
The captive thrush may brook the cage,
The prisoned eagle dies for rage.
Brave spirit, do not scorn my strain!
And, when its notes awake again,
Even she, so long beloved in vain,
Shall with my harp her voice combine,
And mix her woe and tears with mine,
To wail Clan-Alpine's honored Pine."

XXIII

Ellen the while, with bursting heart,
Remained in lordly bower apart,
Where played, with many-colored gleams,
Through storied pane the rising beams.
In vain on gilded roof they fall,
And lightened up a tapestried wall,
And for her use a menial train
A rich collation spread in vain.
The banquet proud, the chamber gay,
Scarce drew one curious glance astray;
Or if she looked, 't was but to say,
With better omen dawned the day
In that lone isle, where waved on high

The dun-deer's hide for canopy; Where oft her noble father shared 4745 The simple meal her care prepared, While Lufra, crouching by her side, Her station claimed with jealous pride, And Douglas, bent on woodland game, Spoke of the chase to Malcolm Græme, 4750 Whose answer, oft at random made, The wandering of his thoughts betrayed. Those who such simple joys have known Are taught to prize them when they're gone. But sudden, see, she lifts her head, 4755 The window seeks with cautious tread. What distant music has the power To win her in this woful hour? 'T was from a turret that o'erhung Her latticed bower, the strain was sung. 4760

XXIV

LAY OF THE IMPRISONED HUNTSMAN

"My hawk is tired of perch and hood, My idle greyhound loathes his food, My horse is weary of his stall, And I am sick of captive thrall. I wish I were as I have been, Hunting the hart in forest green, With bended bow and bloodhound free, For that's the life is meet for me.

"I hate to learn the ebb of time From you dull steeple's drowsy chime, Or mark it as the sunbeams crawl,

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Inch after inch, along the wall.

The lark was wont my matins ring,
The sable rook my vespers sing;
These towers, although a king's they be,
Have not a hall of joy for me.

"No more at dawning morn I rise,
And sun myself in Ellen's eyes,
Drive the fleet deer the forest through,
And homeward wend with evening dew;
A blithesome welcome blithely meet,
And lay my trophies at her feet,
While fled the eve on wing of glee,—
That life is lost to love and me!"

XXV

The heart-sick lay was hardly said, 4785 The listener had not turned her head, It trickled still, the starting tear, When light a footstep struck her ear, And Snowdoun's graceful Knight was near. She turned the hastier, lest again 4790 The prisoner should renew his strain. "O welcome, brave Fitz-James!" she said: "How may an almost orphan maid Pay the deep debt—" "O say not so! To me no gratitude vou owe. - 4795 Not mine, alas! the boon to give, And bid thy noble father live; I can but be thy guide, sweet maid, With Scotland's King thy suit to aid. No tyrant he, though ire and pride 4800

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May lay his better mood aside.

Come, Ellen, come!—'t is more than time,
He holds his court at morning prime.''

With beating heart, and bosom wrung,
As to a brother's arm she clung.

Gently he dried the falling tear,
And gently whispered hope and cheer;
Her faltering steps half led, half stayed,
Through gallery fair and high arcade,
Till at his touch its wings of pride
A portal arch unfolded wide.

XXVI

Within 't was brilliant all and light, A thronging scene of figures bright; It glowed on Ellen's dazzled sight, As when the setting sun has given Ten thousand hues to summer even, And from their tissue, fancy frames Aërial knights and fairy dames. Still by Fitz-James her footing staid; A few faint steps she forward made, Then slow her drooping head she raised, And fearful round the presence gazed; For him she sought who owned this state, The dreaded Prince whose will was fate!-She gazed on many a princely port Might well have ruled a royal court; On many a splendid garb she gazed,-Then turned bewildered and amazed, For all stood bare; and in the room Fitz-James alone wore cap and plume.

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To him each lady's look was lent,
On him each courtier's eye was bent;
Midst furs and silks and jewels sheen,
He stood, in simple Lincoln green,
The centre of the glittering ring,—
And Snowdoun's Knight is Scotland's King!

XXVII As wreath of snow on mountain-breast Slides from the rock that gave it rest, Poor Ellen glided from her stay, And at the Monarch's feet she lay; No word her choking voice commands,-She showed the ring.—she clasped her hands. O, not a moment could he brook, The generous Prince, that suppliant look! Gently he raised her,—and, the while, Checked with a glance the circle's smile; Graceful, but grave, her brow he kissed, And bade her terrors be dismissed: "Yes, fair; the wandering poor Fitz-James The fealty of Scotland claims. To him thy woes, thy wishes, bring; He will redeem his signet ring. Ask naught for Douglas; -yester even, His Prince and he have much forgiven; Wrong hath he had from slanderous tongue, I, from his rebel kinsmen, wrong. We would not, to the vulgar crowd, Yield what they craved with clamor loud; Calmly we heard and judged his cause,

Our council aided and our laws.

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I stanched thy father's death-feud stern With stout De Vaux and gray Glencairn; And Bothwell's Lord henceforth we own The friend and bulwark of our throne.—But, lovely infidel, how now? What clouds thy misbelieving brow? Lord James of Douglas, lend thine aid; Thou must confirm this doubting maid."

XXVIII

Then forth the noble Douglas sprung, And on his neck his daughter hung. The Monarch drank, that happy hour, The sweetest, holiest draught of Power,-When it can say with godlike voice, Arise, sad Virtue, and rejoice! Yet would not James the general eye On nature's raptures long should pry; He stepped between-"Nay, Douglas, nay, Steal not my proselyte away! The riddle 't is my right to read, That brought this happy chance to speed. Yes, Ellen, when disguised I stray In life's more low but happier way, 'T is under name which veils my power, Nor falsely veils, for Stirling's tower Of yore the name of Snowdoun claims, And Normans call me James Fitz-James. Thus watch I o'er insulted laws, Thus learn to right the injured cause." Then, in a tone apart and low,— "Ah, little traitress! none must know

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What idle dream, what lighter thought,
What vanity full dearly bought,
Joined to thine eye's dark witchcraft, drew
My spell-bound steps to Benvenue
In dangerous hour, and all but gave
Thy Monarch's life to mountain glaive!"
Aloud he spoke: "Thou still dost hold
That little talisman of gold,
Pledge of my faith, Fitz-James's ring,—
What seeks fair Ellen of the King?"

XXIX

Full well the conscious maiden guessed He probed the weakness of her breast; But with that consciousness there came A lightening of her fears for Græme, And more she deemed the Monarch's ire Kindled 'gainst him who for her sire Rebellious broadsword boldly drew; And, to her generous feeling true, She craved the grace of Roderick Dhu. "Forbear thy suit:—the King of kings Alone can stay life's parting wings. I know his heart, I know his hand, Have shared his cheer, and proved his brand;-My fairest earldom would I give To bid Clan-Alpine's Chieftain live!-Hast thou no other boon to crave? No other captive friend to save?" Blushing, she turned her from the King, And to the Douglas gave the ring, As if she wished her sire to speak

The suit that stained her glowing cheek. "Nay, then, my pledge has lost its force, And stubborn justice holds her course. Malcolm, come forth!"-and, at the word, Down kneeled the Græme to Scotland's Lord. 4925 "For thee, rash youth, no suppliant sues, From thee may Vengeance claim her dues, Who, nurtured underneath our smile. Hast paid our care by treacherous wile, And sought amid thy faithful clan 4930 A refuge for an outlawed man, Dishonoring thus thy loyal name.-Fetters and warder for the Græme!" His chain of gold the King unstrung, The links o'er Malcolm's neck he flung, 4935 Then gently drew the glittering band, And laid the clasp on Ellen's hand.

HARP of the North, farewell! The hills grow dark,
On purple peaks a deeper shade descending;
In twilight copse the glow-worm lights her spark,
The deer, half-seen, are to the covert wending.
Resume thy wizard elm! the fountain lending,
And the wild breeze, thy wilder minstrelsy;
Thy numbers sweet with nature's vespers blending,
With distant echo from the fold and lea,
And herd-boy's evening pipe, and hum of housing bee.

Yet, once again, farewell, thou Minstrel Harp!
Yet, once again, forgive my feeble sway,
And little reck I of the censure sharp
May idly cavil at an idle lay.

Much have I owed thy strains on life's long way,
Through secret woes the world has never known,
When on the weary night dawned wearier day,
And bitterer was the grief devoured alone.—
That I o'erlive such woes, Enchantress! is thine own.

Hark! as my lingering footsteps slow retire,
Some Spirit of the Air has waked thy string!
'T is now a seraph bold, with touch of fire,
'T is now the brush of Fairy's frolic wing.

Receding now, the dying numbers ring
Fainter and fainter down the rugged dell;
And now the mountain breezes scarcely bring
A wandering witch-note of the distant spell—
And now, 't is silent all!—Enchantress, fare thee well!

SCOTT'S Tales of a Grandfather tells the story of Scottish history in a very interesting way for children. On this account the historical setting of this edition of The Lady of the Lake is largely an abridgment of Scott's own narration of the life of James V. The editor has taken the liberty of changing a few words and sentences here and there for the sake of brevity and connection, but marks of quotation indicate with sufficient clearness how nearly Scott has been allowed to tell the story in his own language.

F. A. BARBOUR.



SCOTLAND AND ENGLAND

FOR hundreds of years the history of Scotland and England is one long story of strife and warfare, and the most thrilling tales of Scottish history are connected with the struggles between them. Then it was that Sir William Wallace and Robert Bruce performed those daring deeds that have made their names so dear to Scotland. Supported by powerful barons like Douglas and Randolph, and by the sturdy yeomanry and peasantry of Scotland, Bruce defeated Edward II of England at the famous Battle of Bannockburn (June 24, 1314) and won back the national independence. Of Wallace and Bruce Scott writes: "And therefore most just it is, that while the country of Scotland retains any recollection of its history, the memory of those brave warriors and faithful patriots should be remembered with honor and gratitude."

CAUSES OF INTERNAL STRIFE IN SCOTLAND

Apart from the wars with England, there was great internal strife in Scotland itself. The nobles were very powerful and almost independent of the king's authority. "They were almost constantly engaged in quarrels with each other and often with the king himself." Sometimes they settled their difficulties among themselves that they might unite against the king. "On all occasions they were disposed for war rather than peace."

THE DEADLY FEUD

There was also the *deadly feud*, as it was called. "When two men of different families quarreled, and the one injured or slew the other, the relatives of the deceased, or wronged person, knowing that the laws could afford them no redress, set about obtaining revenge by putting to death some relation of the individual who had done the injury, without regarding how innocent the subject of their vengeance might have been of the original cause of offense. Then the others,

Scott's Tales of a Grandjather, chap. x. This chapter contains a description of the Battle of Bannockburn.

in their turn, endeavored to execute a similar revenge upon some one of the family who had first received the injury; and thus the quarrel was carried on from father to son, and often lasted betwixt families that were neighbors and ought to have been good friends, for several generations, during which time they were said to be at deadly jeud with each other."

THE HIGHLANDERS AND BORDERERS OF SCOTLAND

The causes of private crime and public disorder existed even in the provinces where the king resided. "But there were two great divisions of the country; the Highlands, namely, and the Borders, which were so much wilder and more barbarous than the others, that they might be said to be altogether without law; and, although they were nominally subjected to the King of Scotland, yet when he desired to execute any justice in either of those great districts, he could not do so otherwise than by marching there in person, at the head of a strong body of forces, and seizing upon the offenders and putting them to death with little or no form of

trial."

These Highlanders of Scotland, so called from the rocky and mountainous character of the country which they inhabited in the northern part of the kingdom, spoke a language (Gaelic) quite different from that of the Lowland Scots. Their dress also was peculiar to themselves. "They wore a plaid, or mantle of frieze, or of a striped stuff called tartan, one end of which being wrapped round the waist formed a short petticoat which descended to the knee, while the rest was folded round them like a sort of cloak. They had buskins made of raw hide; and those who could get a bonnet, had that covering for their heads, though many never wore one during their whole lives, but had only their own shaggy hair tied back by a leathern strap. They went always armed, carrying bows and arrows, large swords, called claymores, which they wielded with both hands, poleaxes, and daggers for close fight. For defense, they had a round wooden shield, or target, stuck full of nails; and their great men had shirts of mail, not unlike to the flannel shirts now worn, only composed of links of iron instead of threads of worsted; but the common men were so far from desiring armor that they sometimes threw their plaids away, and fought in their shirts, which they wore very long and large after the Irish fashion.

"This part of the Scottish nation was divided into clans, that is, tribes. The persons composing each of these clans

believed themselves all to be descended, at some distant period, from the same common ancestor, whose name they usually bore. Thus, one tribe was called MacDonald, which signifies the sons of Donald; another MacGregor, or the sons of Gregor; MacNeil, the sons of Neil, and so on. Every one of these tribes had its own separate chief, or commander, whom they supposed to be the immediate representative of the great father of the tribe from whom they were all descended. To this chief they paid the most unlimited obedience, and willingly followed his commands in peace or war; not caring although, in doing so, they transgressed the laws of the king, or went into rebellion against the king himself. Each tribe lived in a valley, or district of the mountains, separated from the others; and they often made war upon, and fought desperately with each other. But with Lowlanders they were always at war. They differed from them in language, in dress, and in manners; and they believed that the richer grounds of the low country had formerly belonged to their ancestors, and therefore they made incursions upon it, and plundered it without mercy. The Lowlanders, on the other hand, equal in courage and superior in discipline, gave many severe checks to the Highlanders; and thus there was always constant war or discord between them, though natives of the same country."

"Upon the whole, you can easily understand that these Highland clans, living among such high and inaccessible mountains and paying obedience to no one save their own chiefs, should have been very instrumental in disturbing the

tranquillity of the kingdom of Scotland."

The people of the Border Counties, lying opposite to England, greatly resembled the Highlanders. They made war "sometimes on the English, sometimes on each other, and sometimes on the more civilized country which lay behind them." Unlike the Highlanders, who fought always on foot, the Borderers, as they were called, were all horsemen. "Being accustomed to fight against the English, they were also much better disciplined than the Highlanders. But in point of obedience to the Scottish government, they were not much different from the clans of the north.

"Military officers, called Wardens, were appointed along the Borders to keep these unruly people in order; but as these Wardens were generally themselves chiefs of clans, they did not do much to mend the evil. Robert the Bruce committed a great part of the charge of the Borders to the good Lord James of Douglas, who fulfilled his trust with great fidelity. But the power which the family of Douglas thus acquired, proved afterwards, in the hands of his suc-

cessors, very dangerous to the crown of Scotland."

JAMES V OF SCOTLAND

THE JAMES FITZ-JAMES OF THE LADY OF THE LAKE

Not quite two hundred years after the victory of Bruce at Bannockburn, the English in turn were victorious at the Battle of Flodden Field. Not only did James IV of Scotland perish here, but with him so many noblemen also that scarcely a family of distinction in Scotland did not suffer serious loss. The Battle of Flodden

Field "is justly considered as one of the most calamitous

events in Scottish history."

James IV had married Margaret, daughter of Henry VII of England, and their only son, James V, was at this time not quite two years of age. The boy grew up in the midst of troublous times and saw Scotland filled with the cruelty and bloodshed of civil strife. This should be taken into account as a partial explanation of the severity of his own reign a few

years later.

Soon after the death of the king, Margaret married Douglas, Earl of Angus, an ambitious but unpopular young lord. The marriage was an unhappy one, leading to a divorce for the queen and to long continued strife for Scotland. The queen tried to make her son regent when he was but twelve years of age. Douglas not only defeated this, but also rose to the supreme authority in Scotland and obtained possession of the person of the king. He transacted all business in the name of James, but really by his own authority, and became in all respects the Regent of Scotland, though without assuming the name.

The young king was now fourteen years of age, and he became so restive under his virtual captivity that he sought above all things to free himself from the power of the earl. Many of the nobles tried to aid him, and several battles were fought in his behalf. On one occasion when James was eagerly hoping for the victory of his friends, George Douglas, brother of Angus, turned upon him fiercely and addressed him in language which the young king never forgot nor forgave: "Your Grace need not think to escape us; if our enemies had hold of you on one side, and we on the other, we

would tear you in pieces before we would let you go."

Such language embittered the spirit of James and made him more determined than ever to secure his liberty. Finally, under the pretense of preparing for a hunting trip, and with the aid of two faithful servants, he secured horses from the stables of Douglas and, galloping all night, reached the strong castle of Stirling, which, through the influence of his mother, had been placed in the hands of a governor who was friendly to James's inter-

ests. The young king at once proclaimed that any one of the name of Douglas who should approach within twelve miles of his person, or who should presume to meddle with the administration of the government, would be declared a traitor. Soon afterwards he assembled around him the numerous nobility who envied the power of Angus, or who had suffered injury at his hands, and in open Parliament accused him of treason, declaring that he had never been sure of his life while in his power. A sentence of forfeiture was therefore passed against the Earl of Angus, and he was driven into exile, with all his friends and kinsmen. It was not unnatural, perhaps, that James should retain during his whole life an implacable resentment against the Douglases, and that he never permitted one of the name to settle in Scotland while he lived. "Freed from the stern control of the Douglas family,

"It must be added, that when provoked, he was unrelenting even to cruelty; for which he had some apology, considering the ferocity of the subjects over whom he reigned. But, on the whole, James V was an amiable man and a good sover-

eign.

"His first care was to bring the Borders of Scotland to some degree of order." These, it will be remembered, were inhabited by clans who obeyed no orders save those which were given by their chiefs, and who often occasioned wars between England and Scotland. It doubtless seemed to James that any plan was justifiable which should check such disorder and lawlessness, while on their part the Borderers had grown up to this sort of life, looked upon it as the natural course of society, and consequently had no apprehension of the king's displeasure against them.

James accomplished his purpose by stratagem. After assembling an army, he invited the Borderers to send in their dogs as if he were going on a hunting expedition. Then as

he approached their castles one after another, and they came out to meet and entertain him, he hung them and their followers without warning and without mercy. He doubtless justified the severity and stratagem of such measures by the end to be accomplished. At any rate "such were the effects of the terror struck by these general executions, that James was said to have made 'the rush bush keep the cow;' that is to say, that even in this lawless part of the country, men dared no longer make free with property, and cattle might remain

on their pastures unwatched.'

Perhaps the Borderers were more easily deceived by James because of his known fondness for hunting. "When he pursued that amusement in the Highlands, he used to wear the peculiar dress of that country, having a long and wide Highland shirt, and a jacket of tartan velvet, with plaid hose, and everything else corresponding." He also had a custom, like his father James IV, "of going about the country disguised as a private person, in order to hear complaints which might not otherwise reach his ears, and, perhaps, that he might enjoy amusements which he could not have partaken of in his avowed royal character." When in disguise he called himself the Goodman (the tenant) of Ballengiech—Ballengiech being a steep pass which leads down behind the castle of Stirling. His adventures upon some of these excursions throw an interesting light upon his character. On one occasion he fell into a quarrel with some gypsies. They assaulted him near a narrow bridge on which with drawn sword he was valiantly defending himself. "There was a poor man thrashing corn in a barn near by, who came out on hearing the noise of the scuffle, and seeing one man defending himself against numbers, gallantly took the king's part with his flail, to such good purpose that the gypsies were obliged to fly. The husbandman took the king into the barn, brought him a towel and water to wash the blood from his face and hands, and finally walked with him a little way toward Edinburgh, in case he should be again attacked." Upon inquiry the king learned that the laborer's name was John Howieson, that he was a bondsman on a farm belonging to the King of Scotland, and that his highest wish would be gratified could he but be proprietor of the farm on which he wrought as a laborer. Tames told him that he himself was a poor man who had an appointment about the palace of the king and that if he would come to see him next Sunday he would show him the royal apartments.

John put on his best clothes, was admitted to the palace, and found the Goodman of Ballengiech in the same disguise which he had formerly worn. After he had been shown through the apartments of the palace, "at length James

asked his visitor if he should like to see the king; to which John replied, nothing would delight him so much, if he could do so without giving offense. The Goodman of Ballengiech, of course, undertook that the king would not be angry. 'But,' said John, 'how am I to know his grace from the nobles who will be all about him?'—'Easily,' replied his companion; 'all the others will be uncovered—the king alone will wear his hat or bonnet.'

"So speaking, King James introduced the countryman into the great hall, which was filled by the nobility and officers of the crown. John was a little frightened and drew close to his attendant; but was still unable to distinguish the king. 'I told you that you should know him by his wearing his hat,' said his conductor. 'Then,' said John, after he had again looked around the room, 'it must be either you or me, for all but us two are bareheaded.'" The king laughed at his fancy and made him a present of the farm which he had wished to possess.

'The reign of James V was not alone distinguished by his personal adventures and pastimes, but is honorably remembered on account of wise laws made for the government of the people." "He instituted what is called the College of Justice, being the Supreme Court of Scotland in civil affairs." He used great diligence in improving his navy, caused accurate surveys to be made of the coast, harbors, and roadsteads of his kingdom, encouraged the sciences, cultivated the fine arts, and remained at peace with England until very near the close of his reign. The war which finally broke out between James and Henry VIII of England was due to differences in religious belief. James favored the Catholics, Henry the Protestants, and the struggle between them was a part of the Reformation in England and Scotland. Many of Tames's nobles were out of sympathy with the cruel persecutions of Protestants which he allowed in Scotland, and at a critical moment in his war with Henry, they deserted his standard. This deep disgrace filled the king with despair and with desolation of spirit. "He shut himself up in his palace refusing to listen to consolation. A burning fever, the consequence of his grief and shame, seized on the unfortunate monarch. When they brought him tidings that his wife had given birth to a daughter, . . . he only replied: . . . 'It (meaning the crown) came with a lass, and it will go with a lass.'.. He spoke little more, but turned his face to the wall, . . . and died of the most melancholy of all diseases, a broken heart." He was but thirty-one years of age. Could his dying vision but have pierced the veil of the future and seen the son of his infant daughter ruling over the united kingdoms of England and Scotland, what a load would have been lifted from his burdened heart!



SIR WALTER SCOTT

When James V was held captive by the Earl of Angus, one of the most famous Scottish Borderers who sought to effect his release was Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch, chief of a powerful clan, and a man of great courage and military prowess.

Ancestry He sought to intercept the Earl of Angus in one of his military expeditions and to

rescue James from his captivity. "Sir," said the deceptive Angus to the king, "yonder comes Buccleuch with the Border thieves of Teviotdale and Liddesdale to interrupt your Grace's passage. I vow to God they shall either fight or fly." And fight they did, the brave Sir Walter with a thousand men, against the superior forces of the earl. The skirmish was unsuccessful, but James never forgot his gratitude

to Scott. This was on July 25, 1526.

The incident is of peculiar interest in connection with James V, for almost three hundred years afterward another Sir Walter Scott wrote a beautiful and romantic poem, The Lady of the Lake, in which the name of James V was made a household word for generations to come. This later Sir Walter, poet and novelist, was born at Edinburgh, August 15, 1771. His father was a writer to the Signet, or an Edinburgh solicitor, and his mother, Anne Rutherford, was a daughter of a professor of medicine in the University of Edinburgh. Both, however, were descended from famous Border families, and there flowed in the boy's

veins all the boldness of spirit and all the love of adventure which belonged to this Border ancestry.

When an infant but eighteen months old, a teething fever left him with his right leg paralyzed. Outdoor life with all possible exercise was deemed the only remedy, and the boy was sent to Sandy Knowe, the farm of his Grandfather Scott, near the river Tweed and the ruined tower of Smailholme. Here among the hills the shepherd who had him in charge used to lay him beside the sheep, and his earliest recollections were associated with the grazing flocks, and with the rugged crags about him.

"It was a barren scene and wild, Where naked cliffs were rudely piled; But ever and anon between Lay velvet tufts of loveliest green; And well the lonely infant knew Recesses where the wall-flower grew, And honeysuckle loved to crawl Up the low crag and ruin'd wall."

Even the storms of the hills inspired the boy with delight rather than fear, and there is a story of his being forgotten one day among the knolls when a thunderstorm came on. When his aunt ran out to bring him home she found him lying on his back, clapping his hands at the lightning and crying out, "Bonny! bonny!" at every flash. Soon he learned to creep, to walk, and finally to run about. But best of all, his uncle gave him a Shetland pony scarcely as large as a Newfoundland dog. At once the two became inseparable companions. The pony ran freely into the house and took food from his master's hand. Lame as he was, the boy soon learned to ride well and went galloping over the hills much to the distress of his anxious aunt. These early days upon his grandfather's farm laid the foundation, doubtless, for the robust health of Scott's youth and manhood.

I. Scott's Marmion, Introduction to Canto III.

Next in importance to the restoration of health were the songs and tales of his grandmother and the books read to him by his Aunt Janet. Eagerly the young lad listened to tales of his ancestor and of many a hero of the Robin Hood type. Long passages read by his aunt were easily learned by heart. The ballad of Hardyknute was an especial favorite and he used to go shouting it about the house until the parish clergyman in his visits was wont impatiently to exclaim, "One may as well speak in the mouth of a cannon as where that child is." And this early delight in stories and romance grew with his childhood. In his fifth year, spent at the city of Bath to try its waters for his shrunken limb, his most delightful recollection is that his uncle took him to hear one of Shakespeare's plays, As You Like It. The witchery of the scene remained in his memory for years, but he was so scandalized at the quarrel between Orlando and his brother in the first scene that he screamed out in excitement, "A'n't they brothers?" He lived, he says later, to find that a quarrel between brothers was a very natural event.

But perhaps a more striking illustration of his imagination, and of his eager interest in scenes of danger, is given in Mrs. Cockburn's visit to the Edinburgh home when Walter was but six years of age. She found him reading to his mother a poem descriptive of a shipwreck. "His passion rose with the storm," she says. "He lifted his eyes and hands. 'There's the mast gone,' says he. 'Crash it goes!—they will all perish!' After his agitation, he turns to me, 'That is too melancholy,' says he; 'I had better read you something more amusing.'" Mrs. Cockburn had shown special interest in his reading, and when he was taken to bed at night "he told his aunt he liked that lady. 'What lady?' says she. 'Why, Mrs. Cockburn; for I think she is a virtuoso like myself.' 'Dear Walter,' says Aunt Jenny,

'what is a virtuoso?' 'Don't ye know? Why, it's one who wishes to and will know everything'.' It was a childish remark, to be sure, but it indicated the eagerness with which his mind drank in all accounts of danger and adventure. It was but two years later that he became acquainted with an old soldier at Prestonpans on the seacoast. The old veteran had been through the German wars and immediately young Walter's ears were open to all his stories of military life. Here, too, George Constable, a friend of his father's, told him many a story of Shakespeare's characters. Thus it was that the boy's love of romantic adventure was stimulated on every side both by his reading and his companionship.

It was most natural that such a lad should enter the Edinburgh grammar and high school with but small taste for the routine studies of the regular

course, and we are not surprised to read School that he never took high rank in his predays scribed studies. Never an accurate scholar in the formal study of language, he surpassed his fellows in his appreciation of Latin literature, and in his English reading he had far outstripped them. "I was never a dunce, nor thought to be so," he writes of himself, "but an incorrigibly idle imp, who was always longing to do something else than what was enjoined him." But this something else gave him rare popularity with his fellows. His neverfailing good nature, his courage in all their boyish contests, and his inexhaustible fund of stories which he told them by the hour, these gave his companionship a charm which no mere scholarship could bestow -a charm felt by men in later years as by the boys in his early youth. "Idle imp," too, he had called himself, but he had been far from idle. Whatever he could lay his hands upon, history, poetry, voyages, travels, fairy tales, stories, and romances-all had been read and absorbed without effort. He had a wonderful memory also for whatever pleased his fancy and could recite long passages of poetry with perfect ease. Concerning this rare gift he used to tell the story of an old Borderer who, in conversation with a minister, said: "No, sir, I have no command of my memory. It only retains what hits my fancy; and probably, sir, if you were to preach to me for two hours, I would not be able when you finished to remember a word you had been saying."

Of this period of his life Scott writes in his autobiography: "I left the high school, therefore, with a great quantity of general information, ill arranged, indeed, and collected without system, yet deeply impressed upon my mind; readily assorted by my power of connexion and memory, and gilded, if I may be permitted to say so, by a vivid and active imagination." "My appetite for books," he adds, "was as ample and indiscriminating as it was indefatigable, and I since have had too frequently reason to repent that few ever read so much, and to so little purpose." Yet the very range of his reading, extending so far beyond the prescribed studies of the school, made up the most important part of his education. Little did the lad or his teachers dream that this indiscriminate learning would one day be the inexhaustible storehouse from which a great poet and novelist would draw his materials.

His preparation for college was completed by a half year of study at Kelso, one of the most beautiful villages of Scotland. Situated at the junction of the Tweed and the Teviot rivers, renowned in song, the ruins of an ancient abbey and of Roxborough Castle near at hand, Kelso, with its natural surroundings, greatly intensified the boy's love of nature, of history, and of traditional legends. Speaking of the grand features of the landscape around him, he writes: "The historical incidents, or traditional legends connected with many of them, gave to my admiration a

sort of intense impression of reverence, which at times made my heart feel too big for its bosom. From this time the love of natural beauty, more especially when combined with ancient ruins, or remains of our fathers' piety or splendor, became with me an insatiable passion, which, if circumstances had permitted, I would willingly have gratified by traveling over half the globe."

Leaving such scenery, Scott entered upon his routine college course at Edinburgh with much the same spirit that had actuated him in grammar and high school. Small progress was made in Greek and mathematics, but more in the law history, ethics, out-of-the-way reading, and, as his father wished him to be a lawyer, in civil and municipal law. In May, 1786, when he was about fifteen years of age, the college studies were dropped and he entered his father's law office to begin the routine drudgery of preparing for a profession. The picture appeals to our imagination: a rollicking, funloving boy, fond of nature and romance, trying through love and respect for his father to busy himself in the musty books of a law office. The result might have been foreseen. While he labored at his writing with rare industry at times-copying on one occasion 120 folio pages (fourteen or fifteen hours of very hard work) with no interval for food or restthe copy-money was spent upon the circulating library and the theater. His desk was covered with books of fiction, which were his supreme delight. friend of his boyhood, John Irving, was in an office near by, and the boys, who were supposed to be studying law, fell to composing romances for each other's amusement. These were rehearsed to each other during their long walks, and the habit, continued for several years, had no small influence, Scott thinks, in turning his imagination "to the chivalrous and romantic in poetry and prose."

But it was no idle enjoyment of exciting literature that prompted the youth; rather such a passionate love of the adventurous and romantic, as had upon it the stamp of genius. He was quite willing to face hard work in order to extend his knowledge. He attended a class in Italian twice a week that he might delve in the romantic lore of that language, reviewed French for a similar reason, and fastened, he says, like a tiger, upon every collection of old songs or romances which chance threw in his way. Even when confined to his room through the breaking of a blood vessel his characteristic amusement was to sit up in bed arranging shells, seeds, and pebbles so as to represent encountering armies in line of battle.

The apprenticeship in his father's law office extended over a period of five years. Some acquaintance with the law was acquired, habits of routine Excursions industry were formed, but the years were far more fruitful in quite another direction. in the Highlands His father had numerous clients among the Highlanders, and in the ordinary discharge of business young Walter was sent on occasional trips into the Highlands. He has left on record the almost childish delight which he took in various excursions of this kind on horseback, and it was in one of these visits that he caught his first view of Loch Katrine and the romantic scenery of The Lady of the Lake. But not only was his love of nature deeply intensified; better still, he came into direct contact with the Highlanders themselves. All interest in legal business quickly gave way to the fascination of their home life, their festivities, their ballads, and their stories of Border warfare. Long journeys afoot with genial companions became now of frequent occurrence, Scott himself always the leader of the group, with his love of fun and with the stories which never failed. In spite of his lameness, thirty miles a day-from five o'clock in the morning until eight in the evening-was no

unusual journey, the tramps being continued sometimes for a week at a time. On one occasion the pocket money gave out and he lived for a day on hips and haws and an occasional drink of milk at a cottage door. "I only wished I had been as good a player on the flute as poor George Primrose in the Vicar of Wakefield," he remarked to his father upon his return. "If I had his art, I should like nothing better than to tramp like him from cottage to cottage over the world." "I doubt," said the grave Clerk to the Signet, "I greatly doubt, sir, you were born for nae better than a gangrel scrape gut." Little did the disgusted father imagine that this touch of Highland life, like the reading in romance and history, was to enrich the pages of the greatest novelist of Scotland. was makin' himsel', a' the time," said one of his companions, "but he didna ken maybe what he was about till years had passed; at first he thought o' little, I dare say, but the queerness and the fun."

After completing his studies Scott practised law some fourteen years, but his interest in the profession was lukewarm and his income proportionate to his interest. Fortunately, however, he was The cotmade sheriff of Selkirkshire in 1799, and Lasswade a few years later a clerk of session at Edinburgh. The income from these two offices yielded him eventually about £1,600 a year, and for twenty-five years gave him a comfortable support. In 1797 he married Miss Charlotte Carpenter, a beautiful young French woman whom he met while traveling in England. Soon after their marriage the young people rented a pretty little cottage at Lasswade, on the Esk, about six miles from their Edinburgh home, and here for six years their summers were spent in simple domestic happiness.

It will be remembered that at six years of age Scott had called himself a virtuoso—one who wishes to know and will know everything. At ten, his col-

lection of ballads filled several volumes. Through his high school and college days, and his apprenticeship and practice at law, his interest in romantic lore had never flagged. Through his mother's acquaintance he had met and mingled with the most cultivated society of Edinburgh. In his practice of law and attendance at court as clerk of session, he had had opportunity to observe human life in widest range—its motives, ambitions, and crimes. About the time of his marriage, too, he became quartermaster of a body of volunteer cavalry in Scotland. Seated upon his powerful horse, Lenore, his enthusiasm made him the life of the daily drill, while his habitual good humor, and his ready joke, made him the center of attraction for the entire corps. This acquaintance with life on many sides was a most valuable supplement to his wide and varied reading. And now this rich equipment and the natural genius of Scott were stimulated by the blessings and responsibilities of a happy home life. "It was here," says Lockhart, referring to the Lass-wade cottage "that when his warm heart was beating with young and happy love, and his whole mind and spirit were nerved by new motives for exertion-it was here, that in the ripened glow of manhood he seems to have first felt something of his real strength, and poured himself out in those splendid original ballads which were at once to fix his name."

It was seemingly a mere accident that turned his attention to literary labor. Through his interest in the romantic literature of Germany, he had mastered the German language, and at the suggestion of a friend had translated Bürger's Lenore, and the Götz von Berlichingen of Goethe. Why should he not do for ancient Border manners what Goethe had done for the ancient feudalism of the Rhine? The thought was a happy one. The materials were at hand—the fruit of all those excursions into Lasswade—and The

Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, published in 1802, was his first great literary success. Shortly afterward, Lady Dalkeith—subsequently wife of the Duke of Buccleuch, head of the house of Scott—suggested that Sir Walter write a poem on the legend of a hobgoblin named Gilpin Horner. The chivalrous desire to please the lady through the singing of Scottish songs by an aged minstrel, was exactly suited to Scott's genius, and The Lay of the Last Minstrel, published in 1805, became widely popular at once and established his literary fame. Marmion followed in 1808, The Lady of the Lake in 1810, and Sir Walter's name was now heralded over Scotland as the greatest of living poets.

A few words as to the reasons for his popularity: The public had become wearied with the uninteresting themes and the too elaborate style of the poetry of the eighteenth century. Fine-spun reasoning Causes of about life was not so interesting as simple popularity and natural touch with life itself. Here was a poet who could be read and understood at the first reading, whose imagination set forth with freshness and vigor the rugged border life of Scotland. The narratives were interesting. The four-foot verse moved rapidly. In the descriptions of battles particularly it had the tramp of soldiers in it. "I am sensible," says Scott of himself, "that if there be anything good about my poetry or prose either, it is a hurried frankness of composition, which pleases soldiers, sailors, and young people of bold and active dispositions." He was more than right. His verse sang its way into the minds of both children and old people. The poet Campbell tells an interesting story of two old men, complete strangers, who were passing each other on a dark London night. One of them happened to be repeating to himself the last lines of the account of the Battle of Flodden Field in Marmion, "Charge, Chester, charge." Suddenly out of the darkness came a reply, "On, Stanley, on," and the two old men finished the story of *Marmion* between them, took off their hats to each other, and parted laughing.

The vivid pictures of The Lady of the Lake stamped themselves on men's minds in a similar way. An intellectual farmer friend of Scott's, dining with him one day, heard the poet read the first canto of this poem before its publication. He listened intently to the account of the stag hunt until the dogs throw themselves into the lake to follow their master, who has embarked with Ellen Douglas. Then lost in the reality of the scene, he started up suddenly declaring that the dogs must have been utterly ruined by being permitted to take to the water after such a severe chase. But an incident which Scott took especial pride in relating illustrates more fully the martial tone of his verse. A friend of his boyhood, Sir Adam Ferguson, was serving under Lord Wellington in Portugal, as a captain of the fifty-eighth regiment. "In the course of the day, when The Lady of the Lake first reached him, he was posted with his company on a point of ground exposed to the enemy's artillery: somewhere no doubt on the lines of Torres Vedras. The men were ordered to lie prostrate on the ground; while they kept that attitude, the captain, kneeling at their head, read aloud the description of the battle in Canto VI, and the listening soldiers only interrupted him by a joyous huzza, whenever the French shot struck the bank close above them."

Thus it happened that Sir Walter Scott, at thirtynine years of age, found his highest hopes and ambitions connected with a literary career. For the
The Purchase of prospects from his legal profession, and his
Abbotsford rapidly increasing fame as an author
gradually filled his mind with bright visions. As
sheriff of Selkirkshire, he had given up the summer
cottage at Lasswade in 1804, and removed to a little
country home at Ashestiel, seven miles from Selkirk.

The place belonged to his cousin, and Scott's delight in its romantic scenery and in caring for his relative's woods filled his mind with dreams of a country home of his own. He had become secret partner of the publishing house of Ballantyne and Company at Edinburgh. His income as clerk of session, sheriff of Selkirkshire, and the most popular author of Scotland seemed to justify the purchase of a mountain home at Abbotsford, five miles lower down the Tweed. The price was £4,000. One-half the amount was borrowed from his brother, and the other half raised upon the security of a poem at the time unwritten. And this single purchase (May, 1812) and the method of payment by forestalling the money not yet earned, introduces us to the most brilliant and at the same time the most unfortunate period of Scott's life.

As poet he felt himself eclipsed by Byron, and in 1814 he took up and completed with great rapidity a story begun in 1805. It met at once with an enthusiastic reception and was a discovery to the author himself that as novelist rather than poet his genius was to bear its richest fruit. Waverley, the new story, gave its name to that famous series of novels which have ranked Scott foremost among the writers of historical romance. Rapidly the novels followed one another. The boy whom his teachers called an "idle imp" proved himself capable now of prodigious industry. Rising at five o'clock, making a careful toilet and building his own fire, seated at his desk at six—by the time the family were ready for breakfast between nine and ten, he had, to use his own words, done enough "to break the neck of the day's work." His teeming imagination threw off novel after novel. His rare endurance enabled him at the same time to do an amount of historical and editorial work quite beyond the strength of ordinary men. For six months of the year also his duties as clerk of session took three hours of his time daily. His motto was "never to be doing nothing."

Happily, however, the motto applied not to hard work alone. At one o'clock each day he was "his own man," and to be "his own man" meant to fish, to hunt, to plant trees, and to improve the grounds of what he meant to be a magnificent baronial estate. When the original purchase of one hundred acres along the Tweed had been made for £4,000, Scott had written to his brother-in-law: "I assure you we are not a little proud of being greeted as laird and lady of Abbotsford"-Abbotsford, so named because the lands had all belonged of old to the great Abbey of Melrose. An ancient Roman road led from the Eildon hills to a ford of the Tweed near by. The abbey itself, one of the most picturesque of all the monastic ruins of Scotland, could be seen from his dooryard. What wonder that the pride of the new Laird of Abbotsford, the romantic novelist, should grow with the years and with his prosperity! Why should he not, like those Border ancestors, become a chief of the house of Scott; why not leave an estate and a name to be remembered through future generations?

With such thoughts brightening the labor of every day, £29,000 were finally expended upon land alone. A magnificent castle was built with a frontage of 150 feet, its hall 40 feet in length and 20 feet in height and in breadth. And the castle was filled with the armorial bearings of the house of Scott, with rare bits of armor-swords and spurs and shields-with choice pictures, and with a multitude of books. main library alone, 50 feet by 30 feet, contained from 15,000 to 20,000 volumes. And what entertainment was here! The doors were always open, and distinguished guests from England and Scotland and America paid homage to the worthy head of the house of Scott. What hunting parties! what dinners! what stories from the host! what ballads repeated and sung! But best of all neither the guests, nor the busy life, nor the increasing cares, could wean the father

from his love of domestic life, his tender affection for wife and children. Perhaps no more beautiful picture can be found in the biographies of literary men than Lockhart has given us of Scott and his children: "They went and came as pleased their fancy; he was always ready to answer their questions; and when they, unconscious how he was engaged, entreated him to lay down his pen and tell them a story, he would take them on his knee, repeat a ballad or a legend, kiss them, and set them down again to their marbles or their nine-pins, and resume his labor as if refreshed by the interruption." There was a simple blending, too, of moral instruction with their daily sports. "He taught them to think nothing of tumbles, and habituated them to his own reckless delight in perilous fords and flooded streams; and they all imbibed in great perfection his passion for horses. . . . 'Without courage,' he said, 'there cannot be truth; and without truth there can be no other virtue."" Such were the brilliant years of Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford in the prime of his manhood. But alas! the unhappy, the unfortunate years were at hand.

The secret partnership with the publishing house of Ballantyne Brothers of Edinburgh led finally to a most disastrous business failure. The Ballantyne

Business affairs

brothers were incapable of managing so large a business as grew upon their hands, while Scott himself, out of kindness of heart to personal friends, and from his own intense interest in antiquarian research, misjudged the public and advised the publication of unsalable books. "I like well," said George Constable, a famous publisher who was involved in the failure, "I like well Scott's ain bairns—but heaven preserve me from those of his fathering."

At length the final crash came in January, 1826, and Scott found himself personally liable for £117,000. Both he and his family were dazed and stunned by the blow. Mrs. Scott, whose health had been gradually

failing, grew suddenly worse and died within four months. At fifty-five years of age, bereft of the care and companionship of his wife, facing the loss of grounds and castle which so delightfully reminded him of the scenes in which his imagination loved to dwell, Sir Walter Scott acknowledged the debt not as a merchant might, to take advantage of the law of bankruptcy, but to pay it dollar for dollar like a Scotch gentleman whose honor was to be kept bright. Nothing more deeply pathetic, nothing more nobly heroic, is presented in the pages of literary biography than the struggle which now began. If his creditors would but give him time, he declared that neither rich nor poor should suffer by his loss. Two days after the news of the failure reached him, he calmly went on with his literary work and wrote twenty printed pages of Woodstock, the novel he was then composing. Completed in less than three months, this single story sold for £8,228 (\$40,070). The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte, upon which he had spent the severest labor for two years, brought £,18,000 (\$87,660) more. Between January, 1826, and January, 1828, he had earned for his creditors nearly £40,000 (\$194,800), and in December, 1830, less than five years after his failure, he had reduced his indebtedness by the enormous sum of £63,000 (\$306,910).

But the great strain to which he was subjecting himself began at last to make inroads upon his iron constitution. So early as 1819 he had been troubled with severe indigestion, causing violent Last days cramps in the stomach. Two of his great novels, The Bride of Lammermoor and Ivanhoe, had at that time been dictated from a couch of pain; and John Ballantyne tells how Scott often turned himself on his pillow with a groan of torment, finishing the sentence he was dictating, however, in the same breath which had been interrupted by spasms of pain. His journal during the last five years of his life tells its own pathetic story. January

22, 1826, a few days after the news of his great misfortune, he writes: "It is odd, when I set myself to work doggedly, as Dr. Johnson would say, I am exactly the same man as I ever was-neither lowspirited nor distrait . . . adversity is to me at least a tonic and bracer." But he scarcely realized what a strain his iron will was putting upon his gradually failing body. September 12, 1826, one finds the entry: "As I slept for a few minutes in my chair, to which I am more addicted than I could wish, I heard, as I thought, my poor wife call me by the familiar name of fondness which she gave me. My recollections on waking were melancholy enough." The Christmas day entry, in 1827, after the enormous labor of that year, continues the noble personal history: "I see before me a long, tedious, and dark path, but it leads to stainless reputation. If I die in the harrows, as is very likely, I shall die with honor: if I achieve my task, I shall have the thanks of all concerned, and the approbation of my own conscience. And so, I think, I can fairly face the return of Christmas day."

In February, 1830, came a forewarning of the inevitable collapse. A slight paralytic stroke was the beginning of the end. Still he struggled on. In the midst of his dictation, John Laidlaw tells us, he would frequently pause and look round him like a man "mocked with shadows." Then rousing himself with a great effort, the dictation ran on bright and clear. But the brain weakened, the imaginative power was bedimmed, critics found fault with his work, medical men advised him to give up novel writing. "Should I stop work, I should go mad," he said; "yet God knows that I am at sea in the dark, and the vessel leaky, I think, into the bargain. . . I often wish I could lie down and sleep without waking. But I

will fight it out if I can."

And so the gallant fight went on toward the final peaceful sleep. In April, 1831, came a seizure of

apoplectic paralysis more severe than any which had preceded it. In September, of the same year, he was finally persuaded to lay aside all thoughts of work and to try an ocean voyage and the change of interest and scenery which travel might bring. He was more easily induced to take this bit of recreation from the fancy which his weakened mind cherished that all his debts had been paid. From London he took ship for the Mediterranean, visited the island of Malta, Naples, and Rome. Everywhere his interest was in ancient ruins, in legends, and in traditions. The slightest return of physical vitality revived the hope of beginning work again, and at Naples a new novel, The Siege of Malta, was written but never published. The death of Goethe, March 22, 1832, was a great shock to Scott, who had hoped to visit him at Weimar, and he now urged an immediate return to his beloved Abbotsford. Steaming down the Rhine upon the eighth of June, his eye brightened at view of crags, and castles, and ruined monasteries, celebrated in German song. But the interest was momentary, for on the evening of the ninth came a final shock of apoplexy and paralysis. Reaching London on June 13, he lay for nearly a month half unconscious at St. James Hotel in Jermyn Street. At his urgent request the final journey to Abbotsford was undertaken on July 7. For most of the way he was unconscious; but as he neared Tweedside, lying upon a couch within a carriage, he began to gaze about him, evidently recognizing the familiar landscape. Water, surely," he murmured, "Buckholm-Torwoodlee." And finally as the Eildon hills burst on his view and he caught sight of the towers of Abbotsford Castle, he sprang up with a cry of delight. His strength for the moment returned and Mr. Lockhart and his doctors could scarcely hold him in the carriage. "Ha! Willie Laidlaw!" he exclaimed, as his faithful servant stood waiting upon the porch, "O man, how often I have thought of you!" And then as his dogs gathered about his chair and fawned upon him and licked his hands, he sobbed and smiled over

them until he fell asleep.

For a few weeks he was wheeled about his grounds and through his castle. "I have seen much," he kept saying, "but nothing like my ain house—give me one turn more!" Saddest of all, perhaps, was his final attempt to resume work. Starting up from a sleep in his chair one day, he threw back the plaids which were wrapped about him and insisted upon being carried to his study to write down the thoughts that might slip from his memory unless jotted down at once. Seated in his chair at the old familiar writing-desk, he smiled with pleasure. "Now give me my pen, and leave me for a little to myself," he said. But the pen fell from his nerveless fingers and dropped upon the paper, and he fell back among the pillows with the tears rolling down his cheeks. "There is no repose for Sir Walter," he said, "but in the grave."

And a few days later the repose came. On a beautiful autumn afternoon, September 21, 1832, with windows wide open, and the rippling of the Tweed over its pebbles sounding in his ear, he fell asleep, and

his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes.

Thus ended the career of Sir Walter Scott. No more gallant fight was ever made by Scotsman of the House of Buccleuch. "Like the headland stemming a rough sea," says Hutton, "he was gradually worn away but never crushed." One delights to record that about fifteen years after his death the copyrights of his works were sold for an amount sufficient to pay his indebtedness in full. To his fine sense of business honor he had sacrificed his health and his life, but "the glory dies not, and the grief is past."

"Adieu," we say with Thomas Carlyle, "Adieu, Sir Walter, pride of all Scotchmen, take our proud and

sad farewell."



The scene of the poem is laid chiefly in the vicinity of Loch Katrine in the western highlands of Perthshire. The time of action includes six days, and the transactions of each day occupy a canto.

CANTO FIRST

1. Harp of the North. The harp was the national instrument of early Scottish minstrelsy. Note the modesty of Scott's invocation to the slumbering harp to wake again,

"How rude soe'er the hand
That ventures o'er thy magic maze to stray;"—

(19, 20). Read aloud the three introductory stanzas and note the difference in effect between these longer lines (Spenserian stanza), and the more rapid fourfoot measure of the poem.

2. Witch-elm. Spelled more properly wych-elm or wich-elm, wych meaning bending or drooping. Its twigs used as riding whips were supposed to insure good luck and were used as divining rods.

See "wizard elm," VI, 4942.

2. Saint Fillan's Spring. Saint Fillan was a Scotch abbot of the seventh century. Two springs have received his name—one at the east end of Loch Earn; the other some thirty miles westward and about two miles from Tyndrum, to the north of Loch Lomond. According to tradition both possessed supernatural powers of healing, especially the second, which Scott refers to in Marmion I, XXIX.

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14

"Thence to Saint Fillan's blessed well Whose springs can frenzied dreams dispel, And the crazed brain restore."

On the eve of the Battle of Bannockburn, Robert Bruce is said to have received miraculous encouragement from a relic of this saint—one of his armbones inclosed in a silver case. Very appropriately, therefore, is the slumbering but magic harp located at this sacred pool.

10. Caledon. Caledonia, or northernmost Britain

in Roman times.

14. According pause. Pause in the lay or song

suitably filled by the music of the harp.

29. Monan's rill. Exact location is unknown. Saint Monan was a Scotch martyr of the fourth century.

31. Glenartney. A valley in Perthshire through

which the river Artney runs.

32. Beacon red. An appropriate comparison. Signal-fires of alarm were kindled on the tops of mountains.

33. Benvoirlich. See map. The prefix Ben means

mountain.

- 45. Tossed his beamed frontlet to the sky. The accent in each foot is usually on the second syllable, iambic verse. Read several lines aloud and note the effect which the change of accent has in this line. Does it accord with the action suggested? "Beamed" refers to the antlers upon the forehead of the stag.
- 53. Uam-Var. Pronounced Ua-Var. The name means great den or cavern, and is derived from a rocky enclosure or retreat on the south side of the mountain. It may have been used in early times as a toil or trap for deer; later it became a refuge for robbers and banditti. See also the tradition mentioned in 76, 77, below.

54. Yelled....pack. Why this word-order, as in 59, 64, 65, and frequently throughout the poem?

"Opening," as a hunting term, refers to the baying or barking of the hounds as they scent or catch sight of the game. Read aloud the vivid and spirited description from 1, to IV. Compare lines 36 and 70 with 34 and 35 for consonant effect.

71. Linn. 1. A pool or waterfall. 2. A steep precipice or ravine. Which meaning best suits the

line?

73. Read several lines aloud carefully, and note the pleasing effect of the variation in accent in this line. Compare 85 and 97 below. See note on 45 above.

84. Shrewdly. Severely. How is this sense of

the word marked in the dictionary?

80. Menteith. The district in southwestern part of Perthshire watered by the river Teith. See map for the outlook of the stag as he stands upon the southern slope of Uam-Var. Aberfoyle is a small village one and a half miles east of Loch Ard.

103. Cambusmore. An estate about two miles from Callander, on the Keltie, a tributary of the Teith. It belonged to the Buchanans, friends whom Scott frequently visited in his younger days.

105. Benledi's ridge. See map. Northwest of Callander. Benledi rose 3,009 feet in height.
106. Bochastle's heath. A level plain between

the east end of Lake Vennachar and the Teith.

112. Brigg of Turk. A bridge over the Turk, a

small stream in the valley of Glenfinlas.

117. Embossed. Covered with patches of foam. An old hunting term formerly applied to dogs and beasts of the chase when foaming at the mouth and

panting, as from exhaustion with running.

120. St. Hubert's breed. Famous hunting hounds which the abbots of St. Hubert always kept in remembrance of their saint, who was a hunter. The earliest breed was black; later they were found of different colors.

130. Stock. A log or stump.

131. That mountain high. Probably Benvenue.

See 96, 97,

137. For the death-wound, etc. The stag at bay was desperate and dangerous and it was a matter of pride with the hunter to give him his death-wound and to announce it with a shout of victory. Scott says that at certain seasons of the year the feat was held to be particularly dangerous, "a wound from a stag's horn being then deemed poisonous." See his Bride of Lammermoor, Chap. ix, for an interesting description of a stag at bay.

138. Whinyard. A short stout sword or knife.

- 142. And turned him. Reflexive use of the personal pronoun; not uncommon in poetry.
- 145. Trosachs. A name especially applied to a romantic pass or defile between Lochs Katrine and Achray. The term Trosachs, however, signifies "rough or bristled country" and was generally applied to the district between Lochs Katrine and Vennachar.

151. Chiding. In hunting, the sound made by hounds in full cry; baying. (Century Dictionary.)

163. The banks of Seine. James visited France in 1536 and in the spring of the following year married Magdalen, daughter of the King of France (Francis I).

Worth is an imperative verb derived from the Anglo-Saxon weorthan, to become.

178. Round and around, etc. Read aloud and

note the sonorousness of the line.

XI-XVI. The western waves, etc. This admirable description of the Trosachs was written by Scott in the summer of 1809, when he was visiting the famous locality which he describes. Indeed he had often visited this wild region and it was peculiarly dear to him.

In connection with the accuracy and minuteness of his descriptions both in poetry and romance, his friend Mr. Morritt reports an interesting conversation with Scott: "'You have often given me materials for romance,' Scott remarked, 'now I want a good robber's cave, and an old church of the right sort.' We rode out [it was near Rokeby], and he found what he wanted in the ancient slate quarries of Brignol, and the ruined Abbey of Eggleston. I observed him noting down even the peculiar little wild flowers and herbs that accidentally grew round and on the side of a bold crag near his intended cave of Guy Denzil; and could not help saying, that as he was not to be upon oath in his work, daisies, violets. and primroses would be as poetical as any of the humble plants he was examining. I laughed, in short, at his scrupulousness; but I understood him when he replied, 'that in nature herself no two scenes were exactly alike, and that whoever copied truly what was before his eyes would possess the same variety in his descriptions, and exhibit apparently an imagination as boundless as the range of nature in the scenes he recorded; whereas, whoever trusted to imagination, would soon find his own mind circumscribed, and contracted to a few favorite images, and the repetition of these would sooner or later produce that very monotony and barrenness which had always haunted descriptive poetry in the hands of any but the patient worshipers of truth."

Let the passage be read aloud and the phrases of form and color appeal to the imagination: Ruggedness for instance, in flinty spire, thunder-splintered pinnacle, rocky summits, etc.; and color in purple peak, floods of fire, streamers green, primrose pale, violet

flower, delicious blue, etc.

196, 197. Tower ... on Shinar's plain. The tower

of Babel, Genesis xi. 1-9.

202. Pagod. Pagoda, a heathen temple. Its grammatical construction?

208. Sheen. Shining, bright.

218-220. Foxglove and nightshade, etc. The first, one of the most stately and beautiful of European plants; the second, a homely and poisonous weed.

227. Frequent flung. Poetic use of adjective for

adverb.

240. Lost for a space, etc. Lost and veering modify inlet supplied from the preceding lines. An

absolute construction.

256. Unless he climb, with footing nice, etc. Until the present road was made through the romantic pass which I have presumptuously attempted to describe in the preceding stanzas, there was no mode of issuing out of the defile called the Trosachs, excepting by a sort of ladder, composed of the branches and roots of trees. (Scott.) Define "nice" as here used.

274. Wildering. Bewildering.

287. Chide. Explain the figure. Is the word used in its modern sense or as in 151 above?

294. While the deep peal's commanding tone. Does the change of meter have an appropriate effect? Try it with the ear by reading aloud.

297. To drop a bead, etc. That is, in counting his prayers. The original meaning of bead is prayer.

- 313. Highland plunderers. Scott says: "The clans who inhabited the romantic regions in the neighborhood of Loch Katrine, were, even until a late period, much addicted to predatory excursions upon their Lowland neighbors." Indeed he thinks the name Katrine to mean the lake of the Catterans, or highland robbers who had formerly prowled about its shores.
- 317. Fall. Befall, a conditional sentence with if omitted. The knight expresses confidence in his sword if the worst should happen.

353. To measured mood. That is, to the formal manner of court etiquette.

363. Snood. The snood or band of ribbon worn by Scottish maidens. It had an emblematical significance and applied to her maiden character. After marriage it was replaced by the matron's curch, coif, or cap.

409. Middle age. Slightly inaccurate, as James died at thirty-one years of age. See Introduction,

p. 189.

438. A couch was pulled for you. That is, a couch

of mountain heather. See 667 below.

460. Was on the visioned future bent. Belief in the power of second sight, or prophesy, was common among the Highlanders. "It was a peculiar faculty of seeing an otherwise invisible object... at the sight of a vision the eyelids of the person are erected and the eyes continue staring until the object vanishes." (Scott.)

475. Errant-knight. Knight-errant. A touch of romance is given to the meeting between Ellen and Fitz-James by the king's use of this word. The

knight-errant, as Taylor suggests, was

"To ride about redressing human wrongs.

To love one maiden only, cleave to her, And worship her by noble deeds, Until he won her."

488. With heads erect, etc. See Scott's Life, p. 201.

490. Frequent. See 227 above.

the foot of Loch Katrine is still known as Ellen's Isle, and is visited by hundreds of travelers annually. But two or three acres in extent and rising from twenty-five to fifty feet above the surface of the lake, it is covered with a thick undergrowth of shrubbery, graceful birches, red-berried mountain ashes, and a few dark green pines. The landing is in a slight recess hidden by trees and at the foot of an aged oak.

504. For retreat in dangerous hour. The Celtic chieftains, whose lives were continually exposed to peril, had usually, in the most retired spot of their domains, some place of retreat for the hour of necessity, which, as circumstances would admit, was a tower, a cavern, or a rustic hut, in a strong and secluded situation. One of these last gave refuge to the unfortunate Charles Edward in his perilous wanderings after the Battle of Culloden. (Scott.)

525. Idean. Of or pertaining to Mount Ida near ancient Troy, or to Mount Ida in Crete. Both

were celebrated for their vines.

528. Hardy plant. Plant is coördinate in construction with ivy and clematis. What is the subject of "could bear"?

542. Careless flung. "Careless" illustrates what poetic use? "Flung" is what part of speech?

546. Target. A shield or buckler used for defense

in battle. See note on V, 3351 below.

573. Ferragus or Ascabart. Giants of mediæval romance.

580. To whom, though more than kindred knew. The MS. reading makes the meaning clear:

"To whom, though more remote her claim, Young Ellen gave a mother's name."

Canto II, XIII, 995-997 suggests the cause of their mutual love. The aunt had sorrowed over and loved her sister's child, and Ellen in turn had given her the affection due to a mother, or more than such kindred (niece and aunt) usually knew.

585. Though all unasked his birth and name. The Highlanders, who carried hospitality to a punctilious excess, are said to have considered it as churlish to ask a stranger his name or lineage before he had taken refreshment. (Scott.)

589. Banquet. Grammatical construction?

591. Snowdown. An old name for Stirling Castle in which James had found refuge in his flight from the Douglases. See James V of Scotland, p. 187,

of Introduction.

592. Lord of a barren heritage, etc. There is much of truth, of course, in James's statement. His father, James IV, had perished at the Battle of Flodden Field, and the Scottish kings had for generations been obliged to maintain their authority by force of arms. See 'Causes of Internal Strife in Scotland,' p. 184, of Introduction.

602. Require. Request or ask.

616. Weird. Skilled in witchcraft. Note the following lines as to their skill. Down. A hill.

622. A harp unseen. Scott gives a note of some length upon the delight of the early Highlanders in the harp and song. "How it happened that the noisy and inharmonious bagpipe banished the soft and expressive harp, we cannot say; but certain it is that the bagpipe is now the only instrument that obtains universally in the Highland districts." (Campbell's Journey through North Britain, London, 1808.)

624. Soldier, rest! etc. Note the pleasing effect

of the change in meter and rhyme in the song.

631. Dewing. Bedewing, refreshing.

657. Reveille (re-val-ya). Beat of drum or blast of bugle about break of day, as signal for soldiers to rise.

CANTO SECOND

752. Minstrel gray. Scott says: "Highland chieftains, to a late period, retained in their service the bard, as a family officer. He was skilled in the genealogy of all the Highland families, sometimes preceptor to the young laird, and celebrated, in verse and song, the warlike deeds of successive heads of the clan."

809. As life itself were fled. As if lite, etc. A common ellipsis. Why were instead of was?

825. What is the subject of "would scorn?" See I,

528 above.

- 829. Turned him to the glade. See I, 142 above. 836. As at that simple mute farewell. Note the skill and delicacy with which Scott has suggested the mutual admiration of Fitz-James and Ellen. The romantic feelings of each are delicately sketched in the Knight's dream at close of Canto I, in Ellen's place beside the Harper in the morning, her signal of farewell, and the Knight's quick response of feeling.
- 854. Graeme. Scott says here: "The ancient and powerful family of Graham (which for metrical reasons is here spelt after the Scottish pronunciation) held extensive possessions in the counties of Dumbarton and Stirling. Few families can boast of more historical renown, having claim to three of the most remarkable characters in the Scottish annals. Sir John the Graeme, the faithful and undaunted partaker of the labors and patriotic warfare of Wallace, fell in the unfortunate field of Falkirk, in 1298." The others mentioned by Scott are the celebrated Marquis of Montrose and John Graeme of Claverhouse, Viscount of Dundee.
- 857. In hall and bower. The hall, the large and open assembly room; the bower, the ladies' apartments. Young Malcolm is celebrated, therefore, for his courage among the men and his gallantry among the ladies.
- 876. St. Modan. A Scotch abbot of the seventh century. I am not prepared to show that St. Modan was a performer on the harp. It was, however, no unsaintly accomplishment; for St. Dunstan certainly did play upon that instrument, which retaining, as was natural, a portion of the sanctity attached to its master's character, announced future events by its spontaneous sound. (Scott.)

886. Bothwell's bannered hall, etc. For banishment of the Douglases from Scotland see Introduction, p. 188. The castle, now in ruins, is situated on the river Clyde about nine miles from Glasgow. It belonged to the Douglas family, and Scott visited it in 1799 when it was the seat of Archibald Lord Douglas, who had married Lady Frances Scott, one of the poet's dearest friends through life.

904. From Tweed to Spey. From one end of Scotland to the other. The Tweed was the southern

boundary, the Spey flowed into the North Sea.

915. Reave. Tear or sweep away.

945. The Lady of the Bleeding Heart. Robert Bruce as his dying request had urged his dearest friend, Lord James Douglas, to carry his heart to the Holy Land. In obedience to this request Douglas caused a silver case to be made into which he put Bruce's heart, and wore it around his neck by a string of silk and gold. On his way to Palestine he stopped to aid Alphonso, the Spanish King of Castile, in his war against the Saracens of Granada. Being surrounded by an overwhelming number of the Moors, Douglas took from his neck Bruce's heart and spoke to it as he would have done to the king, had he been alive: "Pass first in fight," he said, "as thou wert wont to do, and Douglas will follow thee or die." He then threw the king's heart among the enemy and, rushing forward to the place where it fell, was there slain. From that time the Douglases carried upon their shields a bleeding heart, with a crown upon it, in memory of this expedition of Lord James to Spain with Bruce's heart. (See story of Robert Bruce in Scott's Tales of a Grandfather.)

951. Strathspey. A lively Highland dance, -the name is derived from the strath, or broad valley of

the Spey.

958. Clan-Alpine's pride. Several clans claimed descent from Kenneth MacAlpine, an ancient king. In the poem, Sir Roderick Dhu is their leader.

- 959. Loch Lomond. One of the largest and most beautiful lakes in Scotland. At the southern end there are numerous islands, one of which, Inch-Cailliach, is mentioned in III, 1808-9 below as the burial place of Clan Alpine.
- 961. A Lennox foray. That is, a raid into the territory of the Lennox family, which bordered on the south end of Loch Lomond.
- 965. Black Sir Roderick. See note on 1153 below 966. In Holy-Rood a knight he slew. In Holy-Rood castle in Edinburgh, the residence of the royal family of Scotland. Scott says: "This was by no means an uncommon occurrence in the court of Scotland; nay, the presence of the sovereign himself scarcely restrained the ferocious and inveterate feuds which were the perpetual source of bloodshed among the Scottish nobility." It was a heinous offense, however, and Sir Roderick had been outlawed for the crime.
 - 972. Woe the day. Woe be to the day.
- 975. Disowned by every noble peer. The exiled state of this powerful race is not exaggerated in this and subsequent passages. The hatred of James against the race of Douglas was so inveterate that numerous as their allies were, and disregarded as the regal authority had usually been in similar cases, their nearest friends, even in the most remote parts of Scotland, durst not entertain them, unless under the strictest and closest disguise. (Scotl.) This fact gives emphasis to the courage of Sir Roderick and to the obligation of Ellen and her father.
- 981. Dispensation. Permission from the Pope to marry contrary to the general law. Roderick and Ellen were cousins and could not marry without such dispensation.
- 996. Orphan. Referring to child in the next line. 998-1000. Note the inverted order. Analyze the sentence. Shrouds. Shields or protects.

1005. Maronnan's cell. The parish of Kilmaronock, at east end of Loch Lomond, takes its name from a cell, or chapel, dedicated to St. Maronnan.

1015. Bracklinn's thundering wave. A beautiful cascade about a mile from Callander in Menteith.

1016. Save. Unless; followed by subjunctive of

condition in next line.

1048. Woe the while. Woe be to the time. See 972. 1051. Tine-man. Archibald, the third Earl of Douglas, was so unfortunate in all his enterprises that he acquired the epithet of "tine-man," because he tined, or lost, his followers in every battle which he fought. (Scott.)

when Douglas joined his Scottish spearmen with the English bowmen under Percy, or Hotspur, in the rebellion against Henry IV of England. Even in this alliance he was again Tine-man (loser), being wounded and taken prisoner at the Battle of Shrews-

bury. See Shakespeare, Henry IV, part 1.

1054. Self-unscabbarded. See I, 536-543. Swords said to have been made by magic, or 'forged by fairy lore,' as the poet tells us, are said to have had the power to unsheathe themselves at the approach of their owner's mortal enemy. Scott gives several instances of this kind that were recorded in the romances and legends of ancient Scotland.

1064. Beltane game. A Celtic festival (May 1) in honor of the sun. Beltane means Beal-tein, or Beal's

fire; Beal being a Gaelic name for the sun.

1072. The canna's hoary beard. The down of the canna, or cotton-grass.

1080. Glengyle. A valley at the northern end of

Loch Katrine.

1082. Brianchoil. A promontory on the north

shore of the lake.

was the heraldic badge of Clan Alpine. See 1145-1147.
1088. Brave. Gay, showy.

1090. Bonnets. Scotch caps.

1095. Gaudy streamers, etc. The bright ribbons attached to the chanters, or tubes of the bagpipes.

ros. Thrilling sounds. Scott says: "The connoisseurs in pipe-music affect to discover in a well-composed pibroch the imitative sounds of march, conflict, flight, pursuit, and all the 'current of a heady fight." Dr. Beattie adds: "Some of these pibrochs, being intended to represent a battle, begin with a grave motion, resembling a march; then gradually quicken into the onset; run off with noisy confusion, and turbulent rapidity, to imitate the conflict and pursuit; then swell into a few flourishes of triumphant joy; and perhaps close with the wild and slow wailings of a funeral procession."

their in the next line. The regular construction would be: The battered earth returns the tread of those who are hurrying at the signal dread.

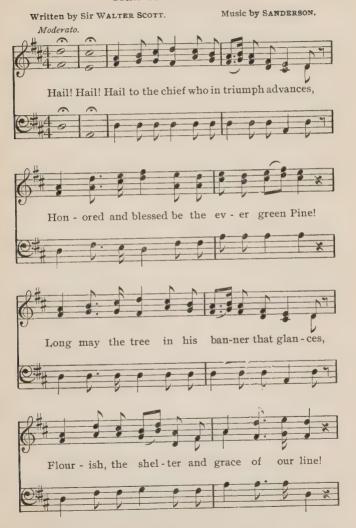
1137. The burden bore. Sustained the burden or

chorus of the song. See 1141 below.

1150. Burgeon. To sprout; to put forth buds.

1153. Roderick Vich Alpine dhu, ho, ieroe. Vich means descendant of; dhu, black; and ieroe, greatgrandchild. The line signifies: Black Roderick, the descendant of Alpine, and the last two words are a sort of shout of praise for the leader. Scott says that every Highland chief had an epithet expressive of his patriarchal dignity as head of the clan, and another peculiar to himself, which distinguished him from the chieftains of the same race. The latter was sometimes derived from complexion, as dhu or roy. He intended the song as an imitation of the boatsongs of the Highlanders, "which were usually composed in honor of a favorite chief. They are so adapted as to keep time with the sweep of the oars, and it is easy to distinguish between those intended to be sung to the oars of a galley, where the stroke is lengthened and doubled, as it were, and those which were timed to the rowers of an ordinary boat."

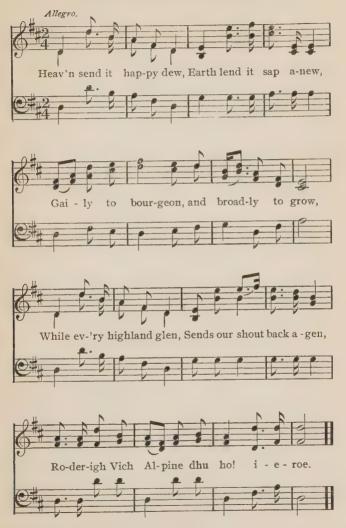
Hail to the Chief.



Hail to the Chief-Continued.



Hail to the Chief-Concluded.



1155. Beltane. See 1064 above.

1160. On pronoun him see I, 142 above.

1161. Menteith and Breadalbane. Breadalbane is a large district north of Loch Lomond and around Loch Tay. For Menteith see I, 89 above.

1164-1166. Glen Fruin, Bannochar, etc. Valleys

bordering upon Loch Lomond.

1167. And the best of Loch Lomond, etc. The Lennox, as the district is called which encircles the lower extremity of Loch Lomond, was peculiarly exposed to the incursions of the mountaineers, who inhabited the inaccessible fastnesses at the upper end of the lake and the neighboring district of Loch Katrine. These were often marked by circumstances of great ferocity. (Scott.)

1176. The rosebud. Ellen, of course. The song was in keeping with the desire and purpose of the

chief.

1221. Weeped. A poetic license for the sake of the rhyme.

1240. Arched gate of Bothwell. See note on 886

above.

1242. Percy's Norman pennon. Captured in a raid (1388) which was celebrated later in the ballad

of Chevy Chase.

reference to the defeat of Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch by the Douglas, when he attempted to release the king. See p. 191 of the biography of Scott. The shield of "Auld Wat" bore a crescent moon and his defeat is referred to as the waned crescent.

1251. Blantyre. An old priory or abbey opposite

Bothwell Castle.

1258. Out-beggars. Greatly excels in value.

r270. Unhooded. The falcon was carried on the wrist, its head being covered. When the covering was removed, it usually took immediate flight in pursuit of prey.

1271. Trust. Believe me, or be assured.

1272. Fabled Goddess. Diana.

1280. Malcolm Graeme. See note on 854 above, and compare this description of a noble youth of the celebrated Graham family with that of Roderick Dhu given by Ellen in xiv above.

1286. Ptarmigan. The winter plumage of the

ptarmigan was chiefly pure white.

1293. Ben Lomond. 3,192 feet in height. It was six miles from base to summit, part of the ascent being exceedingly steep and laborious.

1312. And why. The unfinished question suggests some anxiety as to the welcome which Roderick

would extend to Malcolm. See 1326 below.

1319. Glenfinlas' shade. A wooded valley, the entrance to which is between Lochs Achray and Vennachar. See map.

1322. A royal ward, etc. As ward of the king and under his guardianship, Malcolm's aid to Doug-

las would be deemed traitorous.

1328. Strath-Endrick glen. A low valley southeast of Loch Lomond and drained by Endrick water, which flows into Loch Lomond.

1365-1367. And when the banquet they prepared.

See Introduction, p. 188, 189.

1368. Meggat. A mountain stream tributary to the Yarrow which empties into the Ettrick, which in turn flows into the Tweed. The Teviot also flows into the Tweed.

1383. Your counsel. That is, give me your counsel in the emergency which I show.

1404. The Bleeding Heart. See note on 945

above.

1419. Allies. Does the dictionary justify the pronunciation which the meter calls for?

1423. The Links of Forth. The windings of the

river.

1424. Stirling's porch. Stirling Castle, the royal residence, situated below the junction of the Teith and the Forth. See Introduction, p. 187.

1426-1427. Would such a threat tend to win Ellen's love? Note following line in comparison with

lines 1020-1021.

1430. My heat might say. Though the edition 1834 has "my heart," the reading of the edition of 1821 has been restored. What Roderick had just said of burning villages to celebrate his marriage was not calculated to win Ellen and his mother had so indicated to him by signs, therefore this clumsy attempt to "take it back."

ments or openings from which to discharge missiles.

1519. So lately taught. Probably a reference to the discord kindled at the Beltane game. See 1063-

1065 above.

1547. Such cheek should feel the midnight air. Scott adds an interesting note: "Hardihood was in every respect so essential to the character of a Highlander, that the reproach of effeminacy was the most bitter that could be thrown upon him. Yet it was sometimes hazarded on what we might presume to think slight grounds. It is reported of old Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, when upwards of seventy, that he was surprised by night on a hunting or military expedition. He wrapped him in his plaid, and lay contentedly down on the snow, with which the ground happened to be covered. Among his attendants, who were preparing to take their rest in the same manner, he observed that one of his grandsons, for his better accommodation, had rolled a large snowball, and placed it below his head. The wrath of the ancient chief was awakened by a symptom of what he conceived to be degenerate luxury. 'Out upon thee,' said he, kicking the frozen bolster from the head which it supported, 'art thou so effeminate as to need a pillow?""

1554. Henchman. This officer is a sort of secretary and is to be ready on all occasions to venture his life in defense of his master; and at drinking-bouts he stands behind his seat, at his haunch, from which his title is derived, and watches the conversation to see if any one offends his patron. (Scott.)

1576. Fiery Cross. See Canto III, line 1635.

CANTO THIRD

1632. What time. At the time when.

1635. Fiery Cross. When a chieftain designed to summon his clan, upon any sudden or important emergency, he slew a goat, and making a cross of any light wood, seared its extremities in the fire, and extinguished them in the blood of the animal. This was called the Fiery Cross, also Cream Tarigh, or the Cross of Shame, because disobedience to what the symbol implied inferred infamy. It was delivered to a swift and trusty messenger, who ran full speed with it to the next hamlet, where he presented it to the principal person, with a single word, implying the place of rendezvous. He who received the symbol was bound to send it forward, with equal dispatch, to the next village; and thus it passed with incredible celerity through all the district which owed allegiance to the chief, and also among his allies and neighbors, if the danger was common to them. At sight of the Fiery Cross, every man, from sixteen years old to sixty, capable of bearing arms. was obliged instantly to repair, in his best arms and accoutrements, to the place of rendezvous. He who failed to appear, suffered the extremities of fire and sword, which were emblematically denounced to the disobedient by the bloody and burnt marks upon this warlike signal. During the civil war of 1745-6. the Fiery Cross often made its circuit; and upon one occasion it passed through the whole district of Breadalbane, a tract of thirty-two miles, in three hours. (Scott.)

1656. Cushat. Ringdove or wood pigeon.

1679. Rowan wild. The mountain ash. Twigs from the rowan tree were supposed to possess a

peculiar charm in warding off evil.

1688. That monk, etc. The state of religion in the middle ages afforded considerable facilities for those whose mode of life excluded them from regular worship, to secure, nevertheless, the ghostly assistance of confessors, perfectly willing to adapt the nature of their doctrine to the necessities and peculiar circumstances of their flock. Robin Hood, it is well known, had his celebrated domestic chaplain, Friar Tuck. (Scott.)

1690. Had drawn, etc. That is, by prophetic

vision. See 1784-1791 below.

1691. Benharrow. A mountain near the head of Loch Lomond.

1693. But Druid's, from the grave released. As if Brian were one of the ancient Druids, priests of the early Celtic inhabitants of Gaul and Britain. In the following description of Brian's birth and his mystic rites, Scott has drawn upon numerous superstitions and customs of Scottish Highland life.

1698. The hallowed creed, etc. The Christian creed. See 1843-1846 below. Christ's name mingled with the pagan rites only added emphasis to the curse.

1704. Strath. The broad valley of a river, in contrast with the glen or narrow valley of a stream.

1708. Of Brian's birth strange tales were told. The legend which follows Scott took from geographical collections made by the Laird of MacFarlane. In Greek mythology, Fate and black Destiny and Death, the offsprings of Night, have no father. Merlin, the prophet who figures in English and Scottish mythology, had also a mysterious origin.

1719. Bucklered. Shielded or protected. The buckler was a small round shield worn on the

left arm.

1731. Snood. See I, 363.

1750. Meteor fire. That is, by observing the

meteors or shooting stars.

1755. Sable-lettered page. Old books in "black-letter," the heavy-faced type used in early prints.

1759. Cabala. Mysteries. See dictionary for

origin.

1771. River Demon. The River Demon, or Riverhorse, for it is that form which he commonly assumes, is the Kelpy of the Lowlands, an evil and malicious spirit, delighting to forebode and to witness calamity. He frequents most Highland lakes and rivers; and one of his most memorable exploits was performed upon the banks of Loch Vennachar, in the very district which forms the scene of our action; it consisted in the destruction of a funeral procession,

with all its attendants. (Scott.)

1785. The fatal Ben-Shie's boding scream. Most great families in the Highlands were supposed to have a tutelar, or rather a domestic, spirit attached to them, who took an interest in their prosperity, and intimated, by its wailings, any approaching disaster. . . The Ben-Shie implies the female fairy whose lamentations were often supposed to precede the death of a chieftain of particular families. When she is visible, it is in the form of an old woman, with a blue mantle and streaming hair. A superstition of the same kind is, I believe, universally received by the inferior ranks of the native Irish. (Scott.)

1786. Sounds, too, had come. A presage of the kind alluded to in the text, is still believed to announce death to the ancient Highland family of MacLean of Lochbuy. The spirit of an ancestor slain in battle is heard to gallop along a stony bank, and then to ride thrice around the family residence, ringing his fairy bridle, and thus intimating the approaching calamity. How easily the eye as well as the ear may be deceived upon such occasions, is evident from

the stories of armies in the air, and other spectral phenomena with which history abounds. (Scott.)

I808. Inch-Cailliach. The Isle of Nuns, or of Old Women, is a most beautiful island at the lower extremity of Loch Lomond . . . The burial ground continues to be used, and contains the family places of sepulture of several neighboring clans. The monuments of the lairds of MacGregor and of other families, claiming a descent from the old Scottish King Alpine, are most remarkable. (Scott.)

1816. Woe to the clansman, etc. To realize the effectiveness of the curse in this graphic and vigorous stanza, try to imagine the scene and then read the stanza aloud.

1846. Had more of blasphemy than prayer. See 1696-1699 above.

1862. Mingled with childhood's babbling thrill, etc. "The whole of this stanza is very impressive; the mingling of the children's curses is the climax of horror. Note the meaning of the triple curse: The cross is of ancestral yew—the defaulter is cut off from communion with his clan; it is seared in the fire—the fire shall destroy his dwelling; it is dipped in blood—his heart's blood is to be shed." (TAYLOR.)

1870. Coir-Uriskin, or Coir-nan-Uriskin ("corry or den of the wild men"). A steep and romantic hollow in the mountain of Benvenue overhanging the southeastern extremity of Loch Katrine. According to tradition the Urisk had a figure between a goat and a man, similar to the Grecian Satyr. For full description of the grotto, see stanza xxvi below.

1872. Beala-nam-bo. Beala-nam-bo, or the pass of the cattle, is a most magnificent glade, overhung with aged birch trees, a little higher up the mountain than the Coir-nan-Uriskin. (Scott.)

1903. Lanrick mead. A meadow at the north-eastern end of Loch Vennachar.

1917. The dun deer's hide. The ancient buskin was ... made of undressed deer's hide, with the hair outwards—a circumstance which procured the Highlanders the well-known epithet of Red-shanks. (Scott.)

1927. Scaur. Cliff or precipice.

1959. Alas, thou lovely lake! Note Scott's fine sympathy with the serenity of Nature.

1961. The rocks ... sleep, etc. Is this clause gram-

matically dependent or independent?

1971. Duncraggan's huts. A homestead near the Brigg of Turk, between Lochs Achray and Vennachar.

1991. Coronach. The coronach of the Highlanders ... was a wild expression of lamentation, poured forth by the mourners over the body of a departed friend. When the words of it were articulate, they expressed the praises of the deceased, and the loss the clan would sustain by his death. (Scott.)

2008. Correi. A hollow in the side of a hill, where

game usually lies.

2009. Cumber. Trouble, perplexity.

2016. Stumah. Faithful; the name of a dog. (Scott.)

2061. Hest. Poetical for behest; bidding.

2075. Strath-Ire. A valley on the east of Benledi and connecting Lochs Voil and Lubnaig. About a half mile from the southern end of Loch Lubnaig is the Chapel of St. Bride, situated on the river Leny, a branch of the Teith ("Teith's young waters"). Scott says: "The first stage of the Fiery Cross is to Duncraggan, a place near the Brigg of Turk, where a short stream divides Loch Achray from Loch Vennachar. From thence, it passes toward Callander, and then, turning to the left up the pass of Leny, is consigned to Norman at the chapel of St. Bride, which stood on a small and romantic knoll in the middle of the valley, called Strath-Ire. Tombea and Armandave, or Ardmandave, are names

of places in the vicinity. The alarm is then supposed to pass along the lake of Lubnaig, and through the various glens in the district of Balquidder, including the neighboring tracts of Glenfinlas and Strath-Gartney."

2087. Sympathetic eye. That is, the eye reeled in

sympathy with the dizzily dancing waves.

2107. Coif-clad. See on I, 363.

2117. Kercheif. Same as curch or coif, a covering for the head.

2163. Brae. The brow or slope of a hill.

2168. Bracken. The large fern of temperate

regions.

2192. Balquidder. The braes of Balquidder extend along the north side of Lake Voil. The village at the east end of the lake is the burial place of Rob Roy and his wife Helen. Scott says: "The heath on the Scottish moorlands is often set fire to, that the sheep may have the advantage of the young herbage produced, in the room of the tough old heather plants. This custom (execrated by sportsmen) produces occasionally the most beautiful nocturnal appearances, similar almost to the discharge of a volcano."

2199. Coil. Confusion or tumult.

2201. Loch Doine. A small lake forming almost a continuous sheet of water with Loch Voil, and emptying into Loch Lubnaig by the Balvaig River. The scene is noted for its air of solitude.

2204. Strath-Gartney. North side of the basin

of Loch Katrine.

2205. Each man might claim. Poetic omission of the relative.

The deep and implicit respect paid by the Highland clansmen to their chief, rendered this both a common and a solemn oath. In other respects, they were like most savage nations, capricious in their ideas concerning the obligatory power of oaths. One

solemn mode of swearing was by kissing the dirk, imprecating upon themselves death by that or a similar weapon, if they broke their vow. But for oaths in the usual form, they are said to have had little respect. (Scott.)

2229-2231. Rednock, Cardross, Duchray. Castles in the vicinity of Lochs Menteith and Con. See map.

2244. Coir-nan-Uriskin. See 1870 above.

Still. Why not stillness?

2294. A single page. Scott says: "A Highland chief being as absolute in his patriarchical authority as any prince, had a corresponding number of officers attached to his person."

2335. Ave Maria. Hail Mary! A salutation to the Virgin Mary at the beginning of a prayer for her

intercession.

2399. Bochastle's plain. See I, 106 above.

CANTO FOURTH

2405. Wilding. Poetic for wild.

Braes of Doune. The undulating country 2419. north of the Teith. Doune is a village about half way between Callander and Stirling.

2435. Boune. Prepared.

2443. The warrior's plaid, etc. That is, the warrior can endure it; his plaid is sufficient shelter for

him,-" But Norman, etc."

2463. The Taghairm. The Highlanders, like all rude people, had various superstitious modes of inquiring into futurity. One of the most noted was the Taghairm mentioned in the text. A person was wrapped up in the skin of a newly-slain bullock, and deposited beside a waterfall, or at the bottom of a precipice, or in some other strange, wild, and unusual situation, where the scenery around him suggested nothing but objects of horror. In this situation he revolved in his mind the question proposed, and whatever was impressed upon him by his exalted imagination passed for the inspiration of the disembodied spirits who haunt the desolate recesses. (Scott.)

2468. Gallangad. In the vicinity of Loch Lomond. The incident given was a real experience in one of

Rob Roy's raids.

2474. Beal' maha. "The pass of the plain," opposite Inch-Cailliach, near the southeastern shore of Loch Lomond.

2477. Dennan's Row. At the foot of Ben Lomond,

about six miles from Beal' maha.

2484. Hero's Targe. A rock in the forest of Glenfinlas, by which a tumultuary cataract takes

its course. (Scott.)

2498. Broke. Quartered. Everything belonging to the chase was matter of solemnity among our ancestors; but nothing was more so than the mode of cutting up, or, as it was technically called, breaking the slaughtered stag. The forester had his allotted portion; the hounds had a certain allowance; and, to make the division as general as possible, the very

birds had their share also. (Scott.)

2532. Which spills, etc. Though this be in the text described as a response of the Taghairm, or Oracle of the Hide, it was of itself an augury frequently attended to. The fate of the battle was often anticipated in the imagination of the combatants by observing which party first shed blood. It is said that the Highlanders under Montrose were so deeply imbued with this notion that, on the morning of the battle of Tippermoor, they murdered a defenseless herdsman, whom they found in the fields, merely to secure an advantage of so much consequence to their party. (Scott.)

2550. At Doune. See 2419 above, and V. 3690

below.

2552-2553. Silver star....sable pale. Emblems of heraldry, the pale being a dark vertical band through

the middle of a shield. The Earls of Moray and Mar were supporters of the king.

2560. Clans of Earn. Of the district about Loch

Earn.

Stance. Station; foundation.

2508. By the red streamers. That is, by the

Northern Lights.

2612. Fixed and high. This is printed "fixed on high" in many editions, but is plainly a misprint. Douglas's purpose was not "on high" at all, but was solely to save his friends at the sacrifice of self, a very high purpose but not at all one fixed "on high" as that phrase is used.

2623. Trowed. Believed; trusted.

2631. Cambus-kenneth's fane. A famous abbey

about a mile east of Stirling.

2661, etc. The Ballad. Chosen by the Minstrel, doubtless, to cheer Ellen by the narrative of the courage and boldness of Alice Brand and by the happy issue of her troubles.

2677. Pall. A rich material of which palls or

mantles were made.

2683. Darkling. In the dark; a poetic word.

2685. Vair. The fur of the squirrel. 2698. Woned. Dwelt.

2704. Elfin Queen. "Fairies," Scott says, "like other proprietors of forests, are peculiarly jealous of their rights to wood and game."

2706. The fairies fatal green. As the Daoine Shi', or Men of Peace, wore green habits, they were supposed to take offense when any mortals ventured to assume their favorite color. Indeed, from some reason, which has been, perhaps, originally a general superstition, green is held in Scotland to be unlucky to particular tribes and counties. (Scott.)

2707. Up, Urgan, up! Urgan is evidently the

messenger of the Elfin King. See 2719 below.

2708. Wert christened man. The Elves were supposed to envy the privileges acquired by Christian initiation, and they gave to those mortals who fell into their power a certain precedence, founded upon this advantageous distinction. I presume that in the Danish ballad, the obstinacy of the "Weiest Elf," who would not flee for cross or sign, is to be derived from the circumstance of his having been "christened man." (Scott.) See also note on 2745 below.

2740, etc. Section xv is to be understood as the reply of the "demon elf" (2736) to the question just asked. It was supposed that mortals once enticed into the subterraneous abodes of the Elfin King and there participating in their banquets, were ever after held

in captivity.

2745. But all is glistening show. No fact respecting Fairyland seems to be better ascertained than the fantastic and illusory nature of their apparent pleasure and splendor. (Scott.)

2757. But wist I. But if I knew.

2771. Dunfermline. About seventeen miles northwest of Edinburgh; long the residence of the Scottish kings.

2787. Bourne. Spelled also bourn. A stream or

rivulet.

2792. Augur scathe. Predict harm or mischief. 2800. Unknown to him, etc. See 2544-2545 above.

2810. Feud. See Introduction, p. 184. 2811. Bochastle. See I, 106 above.

2812. Stirling gate. See II, 1424 above and note.

2833. If yet he is. If yet he lives. 2837. Train. Lure or enticement.

2871. Lordship. Possessions in lands or estates. 2873. Reck of. I, who care for neither estate nor

land.

2900. Fared. Went. The original meaning of the word. The Anglo Saxon faran means to go. To fare well is literally to go on well.

2906. Weeds. Garments.

2931-2932. Allan, Devan. Beautiful streams tributary to the Forth.

2953. And felt our chief's unconquered blade. This instance of the cruelty of Roderick quickens our sympathy with the king's efforts to restore law and order.

2067. Batten. To fatten.

2990. The toils are pitched. Toils-nets or snares. There is a touching pathos in the song of Blanche. Her half-crazed mind is restored for the moment at sight of the Lincoln green, and her song of warning carries conviction to Fitz-James's mind. The hunters, of course, are Roderick's men; Fitz-James, the stag of ten; and the wounded doe, Blanche herself.

Stag of ten. With ten branches on his

antlers.

3042. Daggled. Wet, or soaked with blood.

3072. Wreak. Avenge. 3086. Favor. A gift or token of love. Such gifts

of lady love were frequently worn by knights.

3100-3101 Of all my rash adventures past, etc. By necessity for rhyme Scott is betrayed into a slight inaccuracy of statement. He means, of course, that this must be the last of his rash adventures, not of his past rash adventures.

3105. At Doune. See 2419 and 2550 above.

3111. Darkling. See 2683 above.

3122. The summer solstice. The heat of summer. 3146. Slip. Let loose from their slips or nooses,

to start upon the chase.

3162. Hardened flesh. Considered a great delicacy by Scottish Highlanders in former times. Without being cooked it was compressed between two batons of wood so as to press out the blood and render it extremely hard.

3172. A mighty augury is laid. That of the Tag-

hairm. See 2532-2533 above.

3185. Stock. See I, 130 above.

3187. As far as Coilantogle's ford. When Fitz-James had reached this ford on the river Teith, just below Lake Vennachar, he would be in a district loyal to the king, and therefore no longer under the hospitable protection of the Highland Chief.

CANTO FIFTH

3206. Shine martial Faith, and Courtesy's bright star. The figure in this opening stanza is a fitting introduction to the combat, in which Roderick and Fitz-James, though mortal enemies, win our admiration by their knightly courage and courtesy.

3213. Muttered...by. That is, said over hastily.

3220. Wildering. See I, 274 above.

3230. Bursting through. As they burst through; not strictly grammatical.

3244. Shingles. Coarse gravel. 3306. Regent. See 3322 below.

3307. With ruffian dagger, etc. See II, 966 above and note.

3322. Albany. The Duke of Albany, a son of a younger brother of James III, was invited by the Scottish nobles to assume the regency on the death of James IV. His short rule was weak and inefficient. 3324-3325. Mewed in Stirling tower.

Was stranger to respect and power.

Scott says here: "There is scarcely a more disorderly period in Scottish history than that which succeeded the Battle of Flodden, and occupied the minority of James V. Feuds of ancient standing broke out like old wounds, and every quarrel among the independent nobility, which occurred daily, and almost hourly, gave rise to fresh bloodshed." For further details concerning this period, see Introduction, pp. 187, 188. The lines in the text seem slightly inaccurate historically. James escaped to Stirling tower, and instead of being "mewed" or imprisoned there, soon afterwards succeeded in banishing the hostile Douglases from Scotland.

3341. Were once the birthright of the Gael. See

Introduction, p. 186.

Notes 24I

3351. Belong the target and claymore. See Intro-

duction, p. 185.

3367. Seek other cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu. The Gaels, great traditional historians, never forgot that the Lowlands had, at some remote period, been the property of their Celtic forefathers, which furnished an ample vindication of all the ravages that they could make on the unfortunate districts which lay within their reach. (Scott.)

3396. Wild as, etc. Note how the startling effect is made emphatic by change of accent in the first

foot of 3396, 3398, 3399, and 3401.

3451. Jack. A coat of leather set with rings of iron.

3471. Without a pass from Roderick Dhu. Scott says: "This incident, like some other passages in the poem, illustrative of the character of the ancient Gael, is not imaginary, but borrowed from fact. The Highlanders, with the inconsistency of most nations in the same state, were alternately capable of great exertions of generosity and of cruel revenge and perfidy. The following story I can only quote from tradition, but with such an assurance from those by whom it was communicated as permits me little doubt of its authenticity. Early in the last century, John Gunn, a noted Cateran, or Highland robber, infested Inverness-shire, and levied black-mail up to the walls of the provincial capital. A garrison was then maintained in the castle of that town, and their pay (country banks being unknown) was usually transmitted in specie under the guard of a small escort. It chanced that the officer who commanded this little party was unexpectedly obliged to halt, about thirty miles from Inverness, at a miserable inn. About nightfall, a stranger in the Highland dress, and of very prepossessing appearance, entered the same house. Separate accommodation being impossible, the Englishman offered the newly-arrived guest a part of his supper, which was accepted with

reluctance. By the conversation he found his new acquaintance knew well all the passes of the country, which induced him eagerly to request his company on the ensuing morning. He neither disguised his business and charge, nor his apprehensions of that celebrated freebooter, John Gunn. The Highlander hesitated a moment, and then frankly consented to be his guide. Forth they set in the morning; and in traveling through a solitary and dreary glen, the discourse again turned on John Gunn. 'Would you like to see him?' said the guide; and without waiting an answer to this alarming question, he whistled, and the English officer, with his small party, were surrounded by a body of Highlanders, whose numbers put resistance out of question, and who were all well-armed. 'Stranger,' resumed the guide, 'I am that very John Gunn by whom you feared to be intercepted, and not without cause; for I came to the inn last night with the express purpose of learning your route, that I and my followers might ease you of your charge by the road. But I am incapable of betraying the trust you reposed in me, and having convinced you that you were in my power, I can only dismiss you unplundered and uninjured.' He then gave the officer directions for his journey, and disappeared with his party as suddenly as they had presented themselves.''

3486. Plover. How pronounced?

3497. From Vennachar, etc. The "three mighty lakes" are Katrine, Achray, and Vennachar. Scott says: "The torrent which discharges itself from Loch Vennachar, the lowest and eastmost of the three lakes which form the scenery adjoining to the Trosachs, sweeps through a flat and extensive moor called Bochastle. Upon a small eminence called the Dun of Bochastle, and, indeed, on the plain itself, are some intrenchments which have been thought Roman."

3548. Homage. Fealty or submission to the king. 3554. Carpet knight. An effeminate hero of the

drawing room rather than a knight who has known

the hardships of the field.

3578. His targe he threw. A round target of light wood, covered with strong leather, and studded with brass or iron, was a necessary part of a Highlander's equipment. In charging regular troops, they received the thrust of the bayonet in this buckler, twisted it aside, and used the broadsword against the encumbered soldier. . A person thus armed had a considerable advantage in private fray. (Scott.)

3664. Boune. See IV, 2436 above.

3683. Carhonie's hill. About a mile from Loch

Vennachar.

3688. Torry, Lendrick, etc. Towns on the banks of the Teith between Callander and Stirling. They were familiar and dear to Scott, being the homes of intimate friends.

3690. The bannered towers of Doune. The ruins of Doune Castle, formerly the residence of the Earls of Menteith, now the property of the Earl of Moray, are situated at the confluence of the Ardoch and the Teith. (Scott.)

3723. Saint Serle. An obscure saint; chosen for

necessity of rhyme.

3724. The banished Earl. See Introduction, p. 188 3732. Cambus-kenneth's abbey gray. See on IV,

2631 above.

3748. A Douglas, etc. The fate of William, the eighth Earl of Douglas, whom James II stabbed in Stirling Castle with his own hanh, and while under his royal safe-conduct, is familiar to all who read Scottish history. (Scott.)

3749. O sad and fatal mound. An eminence on the northeast of Stirling Castle, where state criminals were executed. Stirling was often polluted

with noble blood. (Scott.)

3756. Franciscan steeple. The church of the Greyfriars, built on a hill near the castle by James IV, in

I594.

3760. Morrice-dancers. The Morrice-dance was probably of Spanish origin, the name itself derived from the Moorish dance. In England it was blended with the national May-day pageant of Robin Hood and his band. The dancers were gayly and grotesquely dressed and wore bells around their ankles. In addition to the characters mentioned in 3812-3816 below, there also were the fool piper, and later a

hobby-horse and a dragon.

3762. The burghers hold their sports to-day. Every burgh of Scotland of the least note, but more especially the considerable towns, had their solemn play or festival, when feats of archery were exhibited. and prizes distributed to those who excelled in wrestling, hurling the bar, and the other gymnastic exercises of the period. Stirling, a usual place of royal residence, was not likely to be deficient in pomp upon such occasions, especially since James V was very partial to them. His ready participation in these popular amusements was one cause of his acquiring the title of King of the Commons. (Scott.)

3767. Tilter. One who thrusts with the lance on

horseback.

3769. Play my prize. That is, contend for the prizes in the contests.

3770. Stark. Strong, vigorous.

3811. Butts. Targets; marks to be shot at.

3812. Bold Robin Hood and all his band. Masqueraders representing Robin Hood and his band. Scott says here: "The exhibition of this renowned outlaw and his band was a favorite frolic at festivals . . . in which kings did not disdain to be actors." The names following belong to characters renowned in the Robin Hood ballads.

3825. Fondly he watched with watery eye, See Canto II. 1477-1482 above.

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3828. Archer wight. An ordinary archer. "The Douglas of the poem," says Scott, "is an imaginary person, a supposed uncle of the Earl of Angus. But the king's behavior during an unexpected interview with the Laird of Kilspindie, one of the banished Douglases under circumstances similar to those in the text, is imitated from a real story told by Hume of Godscroft." See Introduction, p. 188.

3858. The Ladies' Rock. A hillock in the "valley" from which the ladies of the court witnessed

the tourney. (TAYLOR.)

3967. That knighthood, etc. How was knight-

hood conferred? See Webster's Dictionary.

3970-3993. A noble address! Why do you think so? See line 3994 below.

4036. Cognizance. The distinguishing mark worn by an armed knight. See IV, 2552-2553 above. 4085. Earl William. See 3748 above and note.

CANTO SIXTH

4143. Adventurers they. The Scottish armies consisted chiefly of the nobility and barons, with their vassals, who held lands under them, for military services by themselves and their tenants James V seems first to have introduced, in addition to the militia furnished from these sources, the service of a small number of mercenaries, who formed a bodyguard, called the Foot-Band. (Scott.)

4149. The Fleming. A citizen of Flanders.

Burden. The chorus of a song.

4186. Soldier's Song. The guard-room scene and the accompanying song have been criticised as the greatest blemish in the whole poem. But as Taylor suggests, it is a true picture of the life of the time, and we may be reconciled to such a piece of realism by the use which Scott has made of it,-"to show the power of beauty and innocence, and the chords of tenderness and goodness which lie ready to vibrate in the wildest natures."

4186. Poule. An old spelling of Paul.

4188. Black-jack. A large leather vessel for beer.

(Obsolete.)

4191. Upsees. Upsee-Dutch—in Dutch fashion. To drink upsee-Dutch-to drink in the Dutch fashion—that is, to drink deeply so as to be drunk. Scott seems to use this old adverb as a noun quite likely in the sense of upsee-Dutch. Drink upsees out: that is, drink deeply in carousal.

4196. Gillian. Often contracted into Gill. Compare the proverb: "Every Jack must have his Gill." 4199. Placket and pot. Used figuratively for

women and wine.

4227. The leader of a juggler band. The jugglers used to call in the aid of various assistants to render these performances as captivating as possible. The glee-maiden was a necessary attendant. Her duty was tumbling and dancing; and, therefore, the Anglo-Saxon version of Saint Mark's Gospel states Herodias to have vaulted or tumbled before King Herod. (Scott.)

4232. Purvey. Provide.

4263. I shame me. Used reflexively in a transitive sense; I am ashamed.

4266. Needwood. Formerly a royal forest in

Staffordshire.

4279. Tullibardine ("the bard's knoll"). An old family seat of the Murrays about twenty miles from Stirling.

4330. Barret-cap. A cap formerly worn by soldiers. The vacant purse shall be carried in his cap as a token or favor. See IV, 3084-3086 above.

4344. But. A relative pronoun.

4391. Leech. A physician or surgeon. 4401. The chief he sought. As Allan had come from the scene of the fight, they deemed Roderick Dhu instead of Douglas to be his chief.

4402. Prore. Poetic for prow.

4443. O'er Dermid's race. Evidently a rival Scottish clan. Scott says: "There are several instances, at least in tradition, of persons so much attached to particular tunes as to require to hear them on their deathbed."

4465, etc. Battle of Beal'an Duine. Scott referring to the time of Cromwell remarks: "A skirmish actually took place at a pass thus called in the Trosachs, and closed with the remarkable incident mentioned in the text. It was greatly posterior in date to the date of James V." For the incident referred to, see xx below Note also the rapidity and liveliness given to the description of the battle by means of the shortened lines.

4492. Boune. See IV, 2435.

4501. Battalia. Order of battle.

4548. Tinchel. A circle of sportsmen. Scott says: "A circle of sportsmen, who, by surrounding a great space, and gradually narrowing, brought immense quantities of deer together, which usually made desperae efforts to break through the Tinchel."

4571. Rout. The state of being disorganized and thrown into confusion; said especially of an army

defeated, or put to flight in disorder or panic.

4583. Bracklinn's chasm. See II, 1015 above.

4584. Linn. See I, 71 above.

4635. Bonnet-pieces. Gold coins on which the king's head was represented with a cap or bonnet instead of a crown.

4661. Duncraggan's widowed dame. See III, 2050-

2063.

4672. Elemental rage. Rage of the elements; in reference to the storm.

4682. Bothwell's Lord. Douglas. See II, 886 note.

4706. Breadalbane's boast, etc. See note on II, 1153 and 1161 above.

4727. Even she. Ellen of course. A beautiful and pathetic suggestion. See III, 2369-2371 above. 4734. Storied pane. The glass of the windows

decorated with historical paintings.

4836. And Snowdoun's Knight is Scotland's King! Scott says that this incident is borrowed from Scottish tradition.

4861. Death-feud stern. See Introduction, p. 184

4880. To speed. To favorable issue.

4885. The name of Snowdown claims. William of Worcester, who wrote about the middle of the fifteenth century, calls Stirling Castle Snowdown. (Scott.)

4887. Thus watch I o'er insulted laws. See Char-

acter and Reign of James V, p. 188.

4938. Harp of the North, farewell! Compare with

the three opening stanzas of the poem.

4942. Resume thy wizard elm. Compare note on witch-elm, I, 2 above.



HEN the poet himself read to a farmer friend the first canto of The Lady of the Lake, the old man, lost in the reality of the scene, suddenly exclaimed that the hounds would be ruined by taking to the water so soon after a severe chase. To secure a like vividness of impression should be the keynote in teaching this particular piece of literature. It is a romantic poem, and for many years now children have read it with delighted interest for this very What they like in it is the king's disguise, Ellen's beauty and coquetry and loyalty; the rivalry between Malcolm Graham and Roderick Dhu; the combat between King and Scottish Chief; Douglas's feats of strength in the Scottish games; and finally the happy outcome of the story at the close. Whatever will heighten the vividness of this wholesome romantic interest should be drawn upon by the teacher. With this purpose in mind the introduction gives a bit of Scottish history intimately connected with the meaning and spirit of the poem, and a biography of the author whose own heroic and romantic life is itself an expression of the noblest characteristics The notes have been enriched British manhood. by the poet's own explanations of Scottish tradition and history, and finally the text has been illustrated by choice pictures of the scenery of the poem. In accordance with the main purpose of this plan of editing, a few specific suggestions to teachers may possibly aid somewhat in realizing the spirit of the poem:

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r. It should not be forgotten that the effectiveness of poetry must appeal first of all to the ear. Some simple instruction, therefore, should be given as to the meter of the poem, and the adaptation of the four-foot measure to rapid and vigorous narrative. For an interesting account of Scott's personal preference for this form of verse, see No. 5 below, under references to Lockhart's Life; also the Introduction

(Scott's Biography), p. 200.

2. Let the pupils read the poem aloud, seeking to bring out the movement of the verse, the vivid picturing of scenery, and the vigor of the narrative. Such an appreciative reading on the part of any pupil should be considered in itself an excellent recitation. Frequently in such instances a hearty word of approval: "Good, you have caught the poet's spirit," is sufficient comment. Let the teacher herself read with animation some of the more spirited passages with such comment only as will aid in kindling the imagination and feeling of her class.

- 3. The best fruit of such instruction as is here outlined would be a natural interest to know more of Scottish history or of Scott himself and his works. Bright children who have the time and inclination might be assigned for reading and for oral or written report to the class some chapters from Scott's Tales of a Grandfather—say chapters vii to xii, including the story of Sir William Wallace, and the rise of Robert the Bruce. Quite possibly Jane Porter's Scottish Chiefs or better still Scott's Marmion, and if the complete novels be thought too long, abridgments of Quentin Durward or Ivanhoe would be read through by some members of the class, if the library is furnished with the books and their attention called to them.
- 4. As to the biography of Scott, Hutton's *Life* in the *English Men of Letters Series* is the best brief biography. Lockhart's *Life* is of course the standard work, and should be in the school library. A cheap

and very good edition is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Company (The Riverside Press), nine volumes in three. For the teacher's convenience, the following passages are suggested as of especial

interest for reading or report:

I. Poem descriptive of the poet's childhood (Vol. I, chapter ii, p. 107). 2. His favorite horse and dogs (Vol. II, chap. xiv, p. 202). His exploration of the Tweed and crossing the ford (same chapter, pp. 204-208). 3. Scott's personal appearance and characteristics (Vol. II, chap. xv, p. 236; chap. xvi, p. 256; Vol. VI, chap. lix, pp. 316-325). 4. His treatment of his children (Vol. II, chap. xvii, pp. 322-326). 5. Scott's own discussion of the versification of The Lady of the Lake Of especial interest to the teacher (Vol. III, chap. xx, pp. 110-111). 6. A most interesting account of Washington Irving's visit to Abbotsford. The walk with Scott and his dogs, as described by Irving, gives a most graphic and interesting portrait of the poet (Vol. V, pp. 53-57). 7. A delightful sketch of the hospitality at Abbotsford, of a hunting party starting out in the morning, and the pet pig trying to join the party (Vol. VI, pp. 36-41). 8. An excellent bit of comment on The Lady of the Lake (Vol. VI, chap. liii, p. 147).

5. On the side of formal instruction, an earnest word to the teacher, lest, in her attempt to do exhaustive or critical work, she destroy the flavor of the poem. Let not the romantic interest be lost through grammatical or rhetorical questions or through the deadly paraphrase. Two suggestions, however, seem to the editor not inconsistent with the general character

of the poem:

On nearly every page will be found examples of inverted order, the periodic sentence. As a matter of interpretation it is important that children should habituate their minds to a quick recognition of these

sentences and of their effect.

Take for instance the vivid description of the stag, Canto I, lines 116-119.

For jaded now, and spent with toil, Embossed with foam, and dark with soil, While every gasp with sobs he drew, The laboring stag strained full in view.

What groups of ideas must be held in mind that we may see the stag? "Jaded," "spent with toil," etc. As we hold these in mind, note how strongly the final line comes out: "The laboring stag strained full in view." Try putting this vivid line first.

Such questioning repeated now and then through the poem, especially upon the longer periodic sentences, will aid not a little in the interpretation of such groups of lines as the first eight of Canto III, lines

1618-1626.

The second suggestion has reference to diction. The study of words is likely to become monotonous to children. The editor believes that an interest can be awakened in them by a simple talk upon their great worth. They are our richest possession; we need a large storehouse of them to express our thoughts. Above all we can never think clearly until we know the exact meaning of the words we are using, and can never understand another completely until his words are understood. Let us get rid of the hazy notion of things while we study together the meanings of words. For instance, above we have the phrase: "Embossed with foam." Just what does embossed mean? Here is a group of lines, simple in the ideas suggested, but not to be understood until we know the exact meaning of the italicized words.

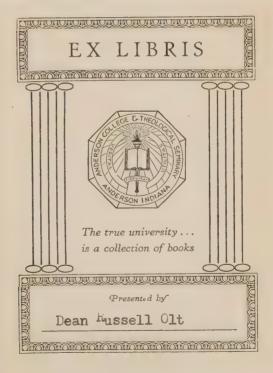
The falcon from her cairn on high,
Cast on the rout a wondering eye.
Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day,
That cost thy life, my gallant grey!
Wild crests as pagod ever decked,
Or mosque of Eastern architect.

How would it do for a little while to make an alphabetical list of the new words we learn in *The Lady of the Lake?* An interesting habit of James Russell Lowell, our poet and man of letters, was to write upon the fly leaf of books he was reading the new words he came upon, or the words happily chosen.

In conclusion the editor is constrained to say that the teaching of literature is a difficult thing. We are all familiar with the oft-repeated statement that it can not be taught. But it certainly can be taught in the sense that the teacher, out of her larger culture and enthusiasm for literature, may greatly aid her pupils in their appreciation and enjoyment of the author before them. Indeed, may she not awaken in some minds a love for literature which would never have been begotten, it may be, without her comradeship in the class recitation? And to help a child to do for himself what he could not have done alone,

is not this the very highest art of teaching?

Space forbids further pedagogical discussion of this very interesting subject, but the editor could wish that every teacher might read and lay to heart Mr. S. S. Laurie's admirable chapter on "Language as Literature" in his little book, Language and Linguistic Method (Edinburgh: James Thin, Publisher to the University). A single paragraph in quotation may aptly close these brief suggestions to teachers. Referring to the teaching of literature, Mr. Laurie says: "As a matter of fact, it is notorious that many schoolmasters cannot shake off their hardness, their pedantry, in this field of instruction any more than in that of religion; and the result is that literature in the school resolves itself into a list of literary names and dates, and sinks into the examination of words, and grammatical and historical forms and facts. A play of Shakespeare or Milton's "Lycidas" is read with a view to its anatomy, not to what the poems convey to the intellect and emotions—the satisfaction of the ideal in man. In the editions used the product of the artist is lost in a monstrous superfetation of notes. Why do so many teachers make lessons of everything?"







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